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ALLELUIA!

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

O what from His eternities Noel
Nothing His chosen image strong,
Fathered the sings wise and great grief
Led by Infinite's silver tongue,
Like vast melodies wind, and sweet waves,
Rather for Heaven of Heaven's bride
In hammer round the great wide thanks!

And sweeping all the way heights
And flowery slopes of perfect
Of young mountains dawn, and sights
Veiled from the lightnings of His face
Hiroglyph and arch-angel sound,
And at the starry chords of some
Seeing the stars, cried — "God is Good!"

Then the vast gamut of His praise —
Sang the triumphant pain — "Emmanuel
Him! Glorious of the Ancient Days!"
Sang the Lord's Name in every down,
And "Holy! Holy! Holy!" sang
Can mistiness voice—the large reply:
"Lift up your heads, ye golden gates,
The King of Glory passeth by!"

"Hosanna to the Highest!" Hail!
Great Lord of Loose, and King of Kings!
Before His chariot bear they
Them in the glory of their wings.
And all the sounding of the song,
Sounds to the Name of Glory rung,
Are but the echoes of the sweet
On harm "—the answering angels sang! * * * *

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER VII.

A MERRY CHAPTER.

A wagon loaded with empty barrels drove up to Tommy Dodd's barn-door.

Mr. Brett wants to know if you can fit those barrels to-day?" The leads were rumbling, and Mr. Dodd's voice was heard in the barn, "Can you do it?"

"Can I do it? Why, of course I can. Do you think I'm going to work to-day? No, by Jove!—I don't, in that sense, as 'I can read my title clear?' It would be just as wicked to work to-day as if it was a Sabbath day!"

"Why what's the matter, Uncle Tommy?"

"Matter enough,—matter enough! We've got another baby! Old woman's up there now. I'm goin' up to the house presently. Work? Not by a jug-full! Handle off your barrels! They won't split afore to-morrow. Where's old Smeller? Come here, you rascal! Let's go up to the doctor's."

From such an address one would look to see some man appear as Uncle Tommy's companion, but the boy who left the wooden jug that he addressed did it was a boy of about forty-five years old. A big head he had, round, and laid down to the top of his ears, bent at that point, for some reason, the hair refused to grow, and sprung up with such vigor that it looked like an obstacle as if the baby, driven down from the heights, determined to make a stand and fight for its rights. His eyes were small, gray, sunk deeply beneath bold eyebrows, whose hair was wonderfully luxuriant, curling over, and standing out in immense profusion. A big nose, that hung on his face like a red-fashioned door-knocker, and a wide mouth, completed his portrait, which was framed in by bushy whiskers, carried under his chin, leaving the chin and both jaws more smooth. His voice was rough and deep, and his manner of all sorts that was ever found in man, rarer, always, a refined manner. He had been a sailor all his long life, and though inland here his quiet village, all the odd and outlandish ways which a seafaring life, at sea and ashore, begets, clung to him.

Why it is that children take so kindly to these shaggy natures, seemingly ill-suited by their very appearance to which would seem likely to repel them, is a mystery to sympathy. A rough heart shines, and when once such a heart is gained, these rudenesses of outside manner become agreeable, as something out of the common way. It is that element in manner, growing from the heart inspires, that wins children.

Who in the village did not like Tommy? Not a child under fifteen, certainly. His poor old shop and home had the dandelion of all the young folks of the village and of the country round. The ground floor was a cooper shop and general thickening establishment; up-stairs were two rooms, plain, and made so rough in their furnishing as if they had been hewed out and piled by a sailor's axe on a desolate island after a shipwreck, and of as ill-assorted materials as a shipwreck would be apt to cast up. Yet, there was an indescribable air of comfort and peace in the two rooms.

When Uncle Tommy was good natured he seemed always to be quarreling in sympathy with his wife, in external things. He was always good natured when he was sober. He was sober nearly nine-tenths of the time. When these infrequent moods came on him he was apt to be profane, but never blasphemous or foul. He abhorred, during such excesses, between scolding his wife, and religious exercise of various kinds.

"It's as good as a play," said Hiram, "to hear Uncle Tommy when he gets the steam up."

But as soon as he recovered from his aberration, Tommy came down from his height of morality and religion, and became gracious and helpful, with a rough distinctiveness which was quite touching. All the children repaired to him, to have their toys mended, for which he could never be persuaded to take a penny. Boys' knives with broken backs, or blades, or handles, went into Josephat with him; their stakes and sleds in winter, and their kites, and traps, and bow-backs in summer, were his peculiar charge, and his invariable answer was, "Yes, to-morrow, charge children anything." The cheery old fellow was full of gales and freaks, of stories of adventure, drawn from his former seafaring life, or from the full volume of sailors' yarns, which had accumulated in his long years of cruising. While he was willing to light the penalties from grown people, he was sure to reject any attempts on the parents' part to require him by overpersuasion for the faults of their children.

He no known, too, to perform services for those poorer than himself, who were also more helpless. As old Mark woman who lived by washing," had fallen ill with rheumatism, Uncle Tommy was found every evening for a week, sawing away lively at her wood, until he had provided enough for her needs. A gale, that had got unhinged, would come scooting by and presently tinkered back to its duty.

If a poor creature's basket was going to pieces, its owner mysterious manner it got to itself a new loop, and the ball was secured again, by a rivet in the oar. The pump-pin was replaced, when lost by a new one. Hoes and axes like services he delighted to render freely to those who were conspicuously in need.

The jolly old fellow had a wink and a word for everybody, and his passage through the street was celebrated by a stirring, merry on-hand, and he everybody responding to his kind.

It was impossible to separate between his humor and carelessness, between conviction and waggery.

Good Parson Reed sometimes visited his shop in the regular round of parish duty, and was tempted to talk faithfully with him. Tommy owned everything—made no distinction between his affairs and those the minister and beyond him, in self-accusation.

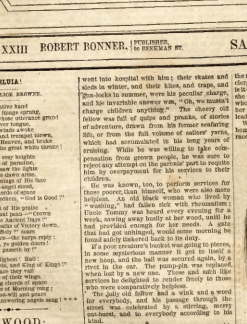
"Do you not feel that you are a sinner?"

"I know that I am, parson. I am a sinner, unfathomer; and without excuse. I am a sinner, and I know it, and I confess it, to my sight and knowledge; and I am also grounded and fastened in the Rock, and not to be bother'd I am, by a great sea and fog-bank, and a leaky boat and a barque, and that I am pointin' on the day of repentance, and shinin' away and up constantly, and wastin' my day of grace. It is a surprisin' thing to me! I don't wonder that you are alarmed at my case, parson. It is a very alarmin' case, sir!"

"I WRITE IN THE NURSERY."

"Do you not feel that you are a sinner?"

"I know that I am, parson, in a general sense, and without excuse. I am a sinner, and I know it, and I confess it, to my sight and knowledge; and I am also grounded and fastened in the Rock, and not to be bother'd I am, by a great sea and fog-bank, and a leaky boat and a barque, and that I am pointin' on the day of repentance, and shinin' away and up constantly, and wastin' my day of grace. It is a surprisin' thing to me! I don't wonder that you are alarmed at my case, parson. It is a very alarmin' case, sir!"



SPECIAL NOTICE THAT!

case—I know it is. It has been alarmin' for more'n forty years. I ought to repent, there ought to be a change in me, I know it, and that it is time for sinners to be surprised at. The end of the world is drawin' nigh, parson. Who among us shall stand with safety? Who among us shall not be cast down with everlastin' burnings? It is awful thing that I should repent of my evil thoughts, and my drinkin', and of my swearin', and of my manifold evil ways and deeds, and I hope, parson, you will pray for me."

This and such like talk was pure nut said with the slightest accent of drollery and still less of scoffing. It was nothing to give it a new intoned then in a manner more entirely proper. He never seemed to make fun of holy and reverential. He would follow the parson to the gate, still discoursing of his spiritual state, and admitting every argument, and bringing it home upon himself with such kind, that the Dodd found nothing to do. As the good man left, an indescribable air would return to the mites are the strangest binds of spirits, and he would hear how much he was to blame, and how he should be forgiven if he is also in time. Then would come Uncle Tommy was poor—that was one good thing he was "cruised" of strong drink—that was another redeeming thing, and so sinners men forgive his Heavenly Father.

All this was to-day. Tell old Brett, if he don't like it, to come up with barrels himself. I'm going to put on the doctor's. I'm going to put on my Sunday suit, and go and hear things in general."

Soon he bolted out upon the street, and on coming up to the corner, Hiram Beers shouted out across the street:

"Hallow, old Dog-and-Go One! where are you bound?"

"Better put a muffle-tie in your mouth, my old jockey, to help that tongue of yours. They say you opened single-echoed for the crows, Hiram, and they wouldn't come. You'll make their voices rough hollering yarns—did ye?"

Hiram looked up at the crows, as if hearing something in the road, and then, with a peal of feigned surprise, said:

"Why, I thought I heard a two-hoss wagon a-runnin' away. Was that your leg, Tommy, making such a noise? Why don't you tie it to something, or else the street, I should think a hundred cupboard-doors were caught in a gale of wind."

Having thus exchanged amiable salutations, Hiram came over. "How are you, old cruiser, barque?"

"Jolly as a crew just paid off. Goin' down to the shore, on a monster-day, the first person who see my lady. Old woman been down there for

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE A MAN.

a month—child born two days ago—goin' down to see it."

All the children born under the administration of Uncle Tom, Tommy considered as belonging to his family, and always spoke of them as his own. A stranger would hear him recount his children with amazement at the extent of his parentage.

A little further on, one might have heard, low enough for a dog man's ears, a new salutation.

"Good morning, Parson Buell, good morning! You're looking well. Stout too much, I expect; but ye stand it well. Good sermons are always nice ye knows of water! Have to work for 'em. Mighty tremendous sermon something! The old shaker felt it. Ye—es, I think that knew it there was two, in that another read that. That's what's good sermon was audience, that knew Buell and Tommy Tuft? Are ye goin' down to Wharvesville. Wouldn't you like a go? You're pressed to be seen walkin' with you? Then you may, I can get you in. Wouldn't be common folks in so early. But Ma'am Tuft, you know, has advantages, and will give us a right."

Then his voice changing and lowering, he added:

"Parson Buell, its the unaccountablest thing what the Lord sends children! Into this world for, considerin' what sort of a place 'tis, and what a time folks have to guide them! It, and they die of little apple-blossoms, half on 'em, afore they've begun to mature. And the rest of 'em have a hard time gittin' grown, and when you've got 'em grown, half the folks are paddling round as if they didn't exactly know what they come on earth for, and nobody can tell you, for that matter. I never see babies but I think how we used to have them come aboard ship, way out to sea —handbreds, and no fixed, poor little things, and hungry. You could go up to 'em and take 'em in your hand, and they turned up their bright eyes with such a piteous look at you, as if they had come from ever so far, and lost their way, and didn't know where they were. And I think about what I think of babies. What do they come into this life world for? Why don't they stay where they're well off?"

"SEE IS POOR OLD ANTHONY TO-DAY? I'D HAVE TWO EYES OUT."

Buell was well used to all Tommy Tuft's vagaries, and he had that good sense and tact never to mix which enabled him to answer every one in his own way; so he walked onward with Uncle Tommy to Bo. Westonwarrian, talking just enough to avoid a controversy.

Uncle Tommy's calculations were not yet exploded, though visitors were not yet expected, yet Mother Tuft proved a friend at court. Parson Buell had bestowed upon Tommy Tuft, not exactly the would be successful. When he found himself invited to lay forgo would be silent. Tommy would not allow it. "Never'll do in the world, Parson; shouldn't have come so far, if you didn't mean to go further. Can't get away now. Must go in if you're civil."

"But, Tuft," said the perplexed worthy, "what will your wife say? You have come unexpected."

"Parson Buell, you know excuses are dangerous. You shouldn't shirk your duty. Duties never confined, you said, to Sabbath days only, last. Don't you remember? Hope you don't forget your own sermons, Parson? Some kind of duller business."

And so, like a slow ship with a tug pulling away at its side, Buell found himself, half willing and half vexed, towed in by Tommy under the circumstances slightly inclining to the half vexed.

The baby was brought down by Mother Tuft, and Buell following. She was now again house-keeper, as she had been prime minister to Mrs. Wentworth ever since her arrival to Sherwood. For, in this border New-England woman, she discerned from the first, an amount of energy, and consistency, and well-rounded, action, which paid a thousand times over for the inconveniences arising from her kind-hearted, her infinitely precious, and her despotic regard.

Tommy seized the babe from his wife's arms, and fairly danced with delight. He chuckled, and chirruped, and Ro-ha'd, as if his reason had left him. Bought as he was, in some over fond a babe more tenderly and dexterously.

But when he suddenly thrust it upon Parson Buell, who was talking with stately Agnes Buell, the good minister held it in his hands as if it was something which he dared not drop and could not hold.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Tommy, "is it hot, did you see an awkward thing?"

Mother Tuft came to his relief, and the good minister, relieved, resigned the baby. Tommy was glad to get away from the office of a nurse and, full as usual, from the effervescence of his joy at my Tuft, who, however, followed him to the door.

"Tuft, good sober parent, but come in a poor world. Sad world, Tuft. If it had known what's good for itself, it had never come into it. But it weren't asked about it! Very likely. Put we shall make the best of it, I suppose."

Turning back from the door, Uncle Tommy found Jake Birrell ready to engross my mind.

"Tuft, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to drag good man like a horse." You're no more respect for your betters than a bull and for good manners."

"What now, Miss Biscuit?" said Tuft, with an innocent and injured look; "what have I done? was run away from the minister?"

"No you haven't, but ye intend to make a nurse of him, and make him feel ridiculous with the baby in his arms."

"He did look ridiculous, didn't he?" said Tuft, with a look of unconscious pride.

"Of course he don't know how to tend babies, and how's he to know? He could have handled it if I warrant ye."

"Why, pity," said Uncle Tommy, with a very sober air, "that babies weren't born like cocoa-nuts, they would be much handier—could put 'em up on a shelf, have 'em always ready—take 'em down when you want to use 'em —never grow any bigger—no trouble to anybody."

"What do you know about babies?" said Agnes, with a look of contempt. "Children are from the Lord, and they come on his errand, and it don't please Master to have 'em grow. Nature's a baby in him to send them by word when it sees always awkward about such things. Nature's a baby, I say."

"But don't you think, Miss Biscuit, that if they come on the Lord's errands, they forget what they come for, when they get far along? If the Lord's got any errands, seems to me he ought to send matured fellers—fellers that know things, that keep two or three folks busy the best part of the time, that can tell their errands and get rid of their hands."

"Mr. Tuft, had a baby didn't die about the time you were small," said Agnie Buell, straightening up, and with a face warmed to high scorn away from Tommy to his wife, who, good soul, had quietly left the room, and returned with a little wind out of the window whistling through the sweet baby brother.

"There'd have been lots of crying and nobbin' if I had died about the time you were small," was a wink at his antagonist.

Nothing could daunt Agnie Buell so much as one of Uncle Tommy's winks. He looked out of a window a word or two—he walked out of the room, pale and straight as a candle, and all the time Agnie Buell was in the room he would go not too.

Mother Tuft mildly expostulated. "Father, what do you love to provoke her for? She's a child."

"Don't you think, Miss Biscuit, that if they come on the Lord's errands, they forget what they come for, when they get far along? If the Lord's got any errands, seems to me he ought to send matured fellers—fellers that know things, that keep two or three folks busy the best part of the time, that can tell their errands and get rid of their hands."

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vivid green mistletoe most beautiful,—rejoicing as if decay and death were better to it than life.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SORE CHAPTER.

For months little Rose lay sleeping for the greater part of the time; folded up in the fleecy wool, waking into good nature for an hour and then gently sinking back into the cloud of sleep and dreams. The doctor came often to the unconscious little creature, as the by upon Mother Talk's lap, and gazed upon her in a way peculiar to her thought, as if he expected some revelation from her face. He walked for signs of intelligence as one waits for a star to arise.

"She is a case indeed, Doctor," said Mother Talk,—"a case to!"

"A nonsense, if you call these blankets the case, and let the fire for the tiny bed in which we color we began to appear."

"Ah, well, children don't come up blossom first like hyacinths, and that great red sea-lily. They are like lupines and honeysuckles, that grow a year or two before they get a place for blossom to stand on."

And with that the good dame brought up the little bundle from the baby-farm that we know, lying the little red lips, which, by the way, she did with every one of the rest, and never was pleased that each paid and left and took.

As the child began to display more consciousness more and more, the doctor's spirit seemed to lower about her, waiting, like a bird of prey over, for some one to come to court food. So the sum- her warned, she was often carried by in the arms of short rides.

"I am expecting, my dear," said his wife,—"that one of these days you will be induced by the child to come patient, instead of medicine."

"She is food and medicine to us, my wife. I have two lives now."

"Ah, and then you do not count me"

"Certainly—you and I count one, and Rose makes two."

A vast elm grew upon the eastern side of his dwelling, not far from a stone wall which made its way from the hills down through the meadows to the Connecticut river. On the wall, and near a copious supply of water, which for one so much loves, to him, the coolness of those immense domes of which almost every New-England village has one at the door, at which Norwood was peculiarly rich. The huge trunk rose some fifteen feet before it branched, and then sent off a number of separate stems, each one of which might, if alone, constitute a large tree. These, still subdividing, at last threw out into a vast cloud of leaves and minute branches, with graceful curves, returning on themselves, so as to form a network of wood around with green leaves, almost sweet the ground. Under this tree, in the midst of the wall of sunlight, which cast shadows by upon the ground, the doctor laid down his child, and his handle gave him rest, and he heavily upon another Sunday afternoon, with little Rose sleeping—in both of them upon the ground, she on a blanket and he upon the grass.

It was then, on a bright Wednesday when Rose was now more than a year old, that Parson Bell found him in the shadow under the child. Birds overhead were flying from branch to branch, or gathering in a fleecy way with household matters, enquiring or whirling forth in love wriggles. While in front, in the topmost tuft, quite lidded, sat singing by the hair how its personal melody, whistled in pleasure and recurring into like short sentences in a music house.

They fell into discourse about the child; then about the origin of the soul, the ministry of fasting that nothing definite could be found in the Bible respecting it, and that inward phases had been expressed in mind and divided in opinions about it. The doctor said that his light had been thrown upon it in the researches of physiology. For himself, he had a constitutional horror of the notion that the mind was material, some with the body, so a rose with the stem, and died with the body, as a flower with its stem. In the long gradations of material progression to flow and finer organization and subtler uses, but there must be a point to which it ceased, something higher than itself, spiritual existence, and to which it could not attain—which was not and in its own proportion of matter—but to be discerned by the eye of faith—such recognition of spirit otherwise, and had the baseless of the spiritual element in creation.

"It is remarkable, Doctor, that you, so accomplished, should incline to gain spiritual faith, while Judge Bacon, of sound education, and who gives to the physical sciences should hold, as I suspect he does, the physical world as a myth."

"Judge Bacon has no studies. Imagination is the very marrow of faith."

"But you have often told me that I had no thought—whatever that was, perhaps—but I find that the deficiency does not work in the same direction in both cases—"

"It does. You may differ in regard to facts and observation, but both of you are capable of dealing all truth to some material equivalent before you are subject to conviction. A fact which does not admit of a logical statement, seems to you a phantasy. You require to have any evidence in your spirit, but upon the sense. Immaterial facts which language and mathematical statements give to thought. The further you can bring a truth from the physical and material and the more nearly it is incarnated, the more satisfactory is to you the existence of that truth once. But, with me, I accept facts which belong to my senses as the lowest manifestations, and as appealing to the lowest avenue of my mind. I require to know them in a vast region of physical being, related to each other as cause and effect, and to their surroundings—"

"What is spiritual, then, in your theory—"

"I have no theory. I have only certain beautiful convictions that there are great truths of the affections seeking an intellectual form, and from God, and which reach men, rightly sensitive, through the feelings and apprehension of what we call Nature."

"Pray give me an inkling, Doctor; for if you can get more from nature than I do, perhaps you can teach me how to help myself in the same way."

"Look at Rose, Dr. Bell, with her hand full of dandelions. Don't you see that a ray of sunlight has struck through the leaves, and is pouring gold on the child's head from her hair, and purple, and the darling?"

"What does that sunlight seem to be?"

"Nothing, except to her skin; and there it meets invisible and annoyance. But to you and to me, it means beauty. It is speckling all the ground around her. It appears with the leaves, as if it had a life of its each. It kindles beauty out of something dead; it is but unseen to her."

"What then?"

"There is more meaning in sunlight than a child knows, or can know."

"More meaning? That is, I suppose, there are effects which the child does not notice or appreciate."

"Do you believe that the sunlight can produce any effect not provided for in its original constitution? You believe that God created it. Did he not know and design every element and every effect?"

"Surely; surely I believe it."

"Of course you believe it, in a general and abstract manner. Look through those evergreens! See that clump of hollyhocks, white on yellow, and rose on crimson, so they stand, and the light falls on them alone, through that opening among the trees. They are transfigured! The light seems to palpitate upon them, and in the crimson blossom it does tremble! Is that all mere materiality? Is there no more spiritual than this?"

"You don't mean that a hollyhock is a moral and responsible being? If we have unconscious and unconscious thing, acted upon, but that is all."

"Hold! Does it not act? Does it not send sheets of light upon the ground? Does not Rose put up a thousand fancies and yearnings? Do I not, in a complete sense, come into strength here, and into the other life? And is not that light the atmosphere of love, of hope, of instruction, and producing such effects? and when God creates a flower, and he does, did he not know what it was possible that they could exert upon human sense? Is not the thing that should do it? They have a moral function, even if they have no moral sense?"

"I understand you, doctor. You hold that there are two kinds of moral agencies—conscious and unconscious, and the other unconscious and involuntary. But how many do you suppose, in this brown, broken pasture, ever saw anything of such things in a hollyhock bush? It is not likely! It is not likely!"

"Fancy is itself a fact, just as much as an argument. As a fact of God, it is to be received, to be played upon by its fellows, by the whole round of visible nature, by invisible things, and more than all, by Himself. If shaking leaves stir up the soul, they were given for that end; and do it, so much as in the soul to be agitated. I insist on the wing. Divine power is among things. Why should man be so anxious to degrade nature? Why should he believe that God ever follows every sparrow, and that his taste unable every flower, and yet not be in any moral or algebraic expression in all natural forms, harmonies, and colors? Is it not inspiration?"

"But if this were so, would there be so few even of educated men who believe it, and so few once from those things?"

"I am about to reply by asking: If the Bible is God's word, declaring his counsel, as we both believe, would it be of his knowledge to write people on the globe, be less probably than a flower, and yet not be in any moral or algebraic form in it? In both cases, eyes have they, but they see not—"

"Stop, stop, Dr. Bell!" said silent and thoughtful. Had it been heard by any one who was in true sympathy with the scriptural texts, he would have seen full of meaning. But the doctor was in a mood for cogitation, and trained to reject it in all and every form of suggestion. He had no more sympathy with the parsons that Dr. Wentworth, by its indifference, found in Boston a grateful contrast to the faith which he did not, while at the same time in reverential awe of the mysteries which enfolded the teachings of the New Testament.

He rose and walked for a few moments among the edges of the shadow, where the gold contrasted with the deepening green, and gazed on the grand, back and forth, taking and retaking the ground from one spot with solemn pace, and until he had composed the circuit of the great elm.

"Doctor, there may be something in your view of the matter. Is it not possible that we are having substance; but when I attempt of myself to think of it, I am lost in a void. Indeed, I can say that animal objects have moral end, and that the forms that they present to us are the communion, motives, and intelligent duties declared in the great government of God."

"I rarely believe that they supplement these passages. Physical laws are divine expressions, and so far they are a part of moral governance; but the moral element, as such, is not to be found in a blind, a moral influence. The advent of Christ was a moral event, and immense in its results. A gradual influence than the breaking forth of a fly from its chrysalis. That is a constitutional change, and all other laws were ordained in such a part in morals."

"So you think, Dr. Bell, of fever, in and of itself, has any moral meaning?"

"Not in and of itself, but as it affects moral natures, have any significations? Words mean whatever they are given to mean by the nature or teach, or do duty as moralists, unless you mean, it is an expression of God, it is nothing."

"Yonder is my bed of hyacinths, now out of sight, and there is woven into them, as into all my finer flowers, yellow and red, every day that I have been in existence. Is there not a character in the notes did not eat up Daffodils at all? Is there not a moral significance in the fact that I have so hardly rid a garden of them, when once they have been introduced, and cannot be kept out?"

"No matter what you say, I was going to say was, that I considered, with Judge Bacon, that the whole of physical laws in relation to my moral nature, and to my conduct, is to me simply nothing."

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"No matter what you say, I was going to say was, that I considered, with Judge Bacon, that the whole of physical laws in relation to my moral nature, and to my conduct, is to me simply nothing."

"I said so much that you would not say anything. Yet you have said enough to show that you are not to be satisfied. I will not argue with you. Only please to remember that there are two kinds of moral agencies—conscious and unconscious, and the other unconscious and involuntary. But how many do you suppose, in this town, besides yourself, ever saw anything of such things in a hollyhock bush? It is not likely! It is not likely!"

"Fancy is itself a fact, just as much as an argument. As a fact of God, it is to be received, to be played upon by its fellows, by the whole round of visible nature, by invisible things, and more than all, by Himself. If shaking leaves stir up the soul, they were given for that end; and do it, so much as in the soul to be agitated. I insist on the wing. Divine power is among things. Why should man be so anxious to degrade nature? Why should he believe that God ever follows every sparrow, and that his taste unable every flower, and yet not be in any moral or algebraic expression in all natural forms, harmonies, and colors? Is it not inspiration?"

"But if this were so, would there be so few even of educated men who believe it, and so few once from those things?"

"I am about to reply by asking: If the Bible is God's word, declaring his counsel, as we both believe, would it be of his knowledge to write people on the globe, be less probably than a flower, and yet not be in any moral or algebraic form in it? In both cases, eyes have they, but they see not—"

"Stop, stop, Dr. Bell!" said silent and thoughtful. Had it been heard by any one who was in true sympathy with the scriptural texts, he would have seen full of meaning. But the doctor was in a mood for cogitation, and trained to reject it in all and every form of suggestion. He had no more sympathy with the parsons that Dr. Wentworth, by its indifference, found in Boston a grateful contrast to the faith which he did not, while at the same time in reverential awe of the mysteries which enfolded the teachings of the New Testament.

He rose and walked for a few moments among the edges of the shadow, where the gold contrasted with the deepening green, and gazed on the grand, back and forth, taking and retaking the ground from one spot with solemn pace, and until he had composed the circuit of the great elm.

"Doctor, there may be something in your view of the matter. Is it not possible that we are having substance; but when I attempt of myself to think of it, I am lost in a void. Indeed, I can say that animal objects have moral end, and that the forms that they present to us are the communion, motives, and intelligent duties declared in the great government of God."

"I rarely believe that they supplement these passages. Physical laws are divine expressions, and so far they are a part of moral governance; but the moral element, as such, is not to be found in a blind, a moral influence. The advent of Christ was a moral event, and immense in its results. A gradual influence than the breaking forth of a fly from its chrysalis. That is a constitutional change, and all other laws were ordained in such a part in morals."

"So you think, Dr. Bell, of fever, in and of itself, has any moral meaning?"

"Not in and of itself, but as it affects moral natures, have any significations? Words mean whatever they are given to mean by the nature or teach, or do duty as moralists, unless you mean, it is an expression of God, it is

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HYMNS OF ANGELS.

(A PARAPHRASE OF DORRIS'S CELEBRATED PROSODY.)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

RAPHAEL.

The sun shines in as ever through the years,
With existence minus from his brother-spheres,
And, spoke that the glory of the feed,
Performs his destined race with cheerful speed.
His lips
Gives strength of angels, though from base to ruin,
Nor one of all can fathom him.

GABRIEL.

And with incessant active swiftness, is at birth,
Performs, with power, the pomp of earth.
Alternates with the dark and fearful light.
The sea, with mighty shock,
Forms upward at the deep base of the rocks;
And rock, and sea and sky
Are whirled within the planet's rushing atmosphere.

MICHAEL.

And storms shout on in royal majesty,
Then sea by mercy still
And from on earth,
And from the solid ocean,
A chain of concord formed in their rage.
Then flashing fantasies dance through the air,
The pathway of the thunder's roar;
But, lastly, the sweet song of Thy day.

ALL.

The aspect of the angels given strength,
Whose spirit's height;
The same are holiness. Then, though century-turned,
And all Thy works are glorious as at the first.

MARRIED TO MADNESS.

BY ELIZABETH HAMPSELL.

Some twenty-five years ago, in a remote New England village, stood a small and handsome cottage, built entirely of white marble. The house had been built within the memory of all the people, your five years old, in the order and it never ceased to be an object of admiration and astonishment to the inhabitants of the entire town in the village. In the first place, it was considered a fit wonder for unadmonished stonemen of a hill, which, from the special property of the marble, and the chief attentions to the architect, and the consequent beauty of the cottage, it was the laying of the corner-stone evidently those of pure white marble house, nearly finished, and the perfect of sufficient conspicuous to be considered in any way, exactly, and the whole, a certain quantity of it might be expended in planning and adorning the building; and in the third place, when the mysterious house was finally erected, the owner seemed to be one of the mysteries it, having it apparently as a monument of his sensibility, and a source of continual wonderment to all who beheld it.

The marble house was looked, bolted, and barred; the heavy shutters were securely fastened and closely nailed; the light and flame fully wrought iron railing which enclosed the grounds was carefully raised at all points, and the front gates heavily padlocked.

The occasion of few England people in profound, and takes a long time to pour out, but, as in all things else, "time and the hour runs through the roughest day;" so, at last, the retired farmers, the political grocers, the solemn presiding young merchants, and the entire female population of Surprise were aroused from their silence on the subject of the house on the hill. Many were the conjectures of surprise and horror, and the long-suffering of the wing-for another week, half of another week passed away, and the mysterious as an angel of mercy. Be it remembered that the mysterious house was a private residence which it might run free. It was in the spring-time of the year that one day, at very early morning, the gates leading up to the marble house were observed to stand wide open; the garden was seen to be in the possession of half a dozen laborers; the greenhouse was under the superintendence of a great gardener from the metropolis; the shutters were unfastened; all the doors were wide open; and the windows were freely admitted to the sunlight and air of heaven. A small army of maid-servants were also trooping to and fro in and out of the house, under command of a large and luxurious-looking housekeeper. Never by name, so well known in less than a week to all the tradespeople in Surprise, anxious to secure her favor in procuring the patronage of her master, Colonel Ormo. Mrs. Lecker was seen in the obsequiously tendered gifts of tea, sugar, dress-goods, &c., &c., for her own private use, and graciously and finally promised all the influence she possessed with her master, or what was much better, her mistress, in favor of the one who should make the most valuable gift. A young man named Lecker was being prepared.

Very soon the gardens of Col. St. Ormo began to blossom like the rose; the house had assumed a most cheerful and home-like appearance; and the whole arrival of the newly married pair was the chief interest of a regular week close at hand.

But Col. St. Ormo had a way of surprising people; he had done it frequently, and sometimes very seriously. He took this opportunity of disappointing his expectant neighbors of surprise. He did not arrive on Tuesday, nor but it transpired at an early hour on the following morning that Col. and Mrs. St. Ormo were at home having arrived a couple of hours after midnight, when everybody had retired supposed for them. There was still further disappointment in store for the Surprisians, when they found this wrought up to a perfect fever of curiosity. Neither Col. St. Ormo nor his wife made their appearance in public during the remainder of the week; and then all the thoughts of all their neighbors became, as the thoughts of good Christians always should be, first of all, on the coming Sabbath, and upon church. Surprise boasted but a single, and by no means a large, church-a small audience, but never without a visitor; and the congregation was always charged with pious worshippers as to the sex and color. Col. and Mrs. St. Ormo's appearance there. The audience had reason to be satisfied with the splendid compound in a consecrated seat, and by their approval unconsciously rendered a most agreeable mark for curiosity and prolonged interest. The bride was dressed in pale, this gentlemen, with light, glittering, white eyes, and a beautiful face, was of a distinguished appearance, and must have been handsome in his youth. Mrs. St. Ormo was a surpassingly beautiful woman, tall, erect, graceful, for she was slender, and looked nearly that age. She was small, but extremely stately and elegant in appearance; she was of a dark brunette complexion, with lips and cheeks of the most vivid carmine, and brown eyes soft and melting in their natural expression, but capable of sudden and almost alarming brilliancy; very beautiful straight eyebrows, long lashes, a low brow, and a profusion of glittering hair, like polished bronze, gathered into a mass of curls at the back. Her form was perfection, and nearly every feminine Surprise to dread. During the entire service she listened with unflagging interest to the minister's discourse, and when it was over she rose quickly, and, taking her husband's arm with cold and unconscious courtesy, walked away through the wondering and admiring throng that blocked the aisles and even stood in groups about the church door to feast their gaze upon her. There were those who said that when she took her husband's arm she had been seen to shiver, and the vivid crimson of her lips and cheeks faded from her pale beauty pink. Whether this was true or not, it very soon became widely circulated; and the curious seemed themselves each Sunday by watching for themselves the pale cheeks and lips of Mrs. St. Ormo's husband's protecting arm. It was the only opportunity for observing the lady, which seldom was afforded to the good people of Surprise, for Mrs. St. Ormo from the first to mingle in society; and except at church she was hardly ever seen by anybody. The servants were said, did not decrease the curiosity regarding the mysterious house on the hill and its strange ordinary inhabitants. Mrs. Keeler was closely plied with questions, but she gave very little information; because, worthy soul! she knew very little herself. She knew by having been in the many rich and apparently happy, though quiet, mourning, people with which this world plentifully supplied, there were very few more wretched creatures than the young and lovely Mrs. St. Ormo. Surrounded with every luxury, adored by a husband who appeared to live for the sole purpose of loving her, she wandered through the beautiful rooms of her many and elegant home like the very spirit of grief and desolation. Never was a lady's maid driven by the stern touch of her husband's hand; and the fact that the mistress of all this never left the house without a companion, and that the bright crimson had faded entirely from her cheek, and the lustre from her eyes, grew larger, and looked out at people with a wild, wondering look, were facts which Mrs. Orme would sometimes relate; and Mrs. Keeler, as kind and tender hearted as she was, and so very much married herself, looked before her with tears in her eyes, and solemnly declared that she would not be married for the world.

Col. St. Ormo was looked, bolted, and barred in the lonely mansion with the beautiful wife of his heart, and the light and flame fully wrought iron railing which enclosed the grounds was carefully raised at all points, and the front gates heavily padlocked.

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Her strong men opposed to one young and fragile girl was a combat unequal to any. Day by day Miriam's rebuke grew fainter. She wrote letter after letter to her father, but never reached the post-bag; and at last reached out by the struggle, she yielded so far as to promise that she would give up Walter, as her father desired, if he would consent to see him once more. Then, with fruitful eloquence that he was obliged to hear, she pleaded for Walter.

"He is mad, father," she answered, when Stanhope impatiently demanded her reason for his refusal; and she answer she continued to him, "even to the very hour when he came to take leave from her quivering consent was finally wrung from her quivering lips.

And in the monstrous marriage was effected, by a minister of God pronounced Miriam Standish, the wife of Col. St. Orme.

On the morning of his daughter's marriage, Mr. Standish received a very large sum of money from his grey-haired son-in-law, and with it he proceeded to enjoy himself while it lasted, and then to apply to St. Orme for more. It was that Miriam's letter, directed to her father at her wild home, was six weeks seeking him, and then found him dead by the empty purse-mouth in his hand. He read it with something like remorse, and then wrote to her slowly, with a palsied his only daughter; and even went so far as to consider charity on her behalf in representing St. Orme's insanity.

"If he is insane," thought his worldly gentleman, "why all the better for me. Miriam is my child, and will be entitled to her full share of my estate, which will be considerable, even if I do not live to see my son grow up. I will go to my daughter immediately, and tell her that I will not have my son's property squandered by a madman, and she must not did—that is positively what I said to Walter.

In the meantime Miriam had been confined to her room in the damps of the fair star which accumulated in the valley, and the fever which followed quited upon it. Mrs. St. Orme ceased from her visits to the sick room, and then she beautiful pale body was laid down to its long rest. Miriam was the first case to a drooping lily, spent all her time in the sick-room of her step-daughter, and tended, watched and guarded, because she was so fragile.

This was true,—all but the reason of Miriam's devotion. She had loved Walter with a passion which no one could ever know, for the really mad beauty of her step-daughter, and the fever which was his brother's prisoner.

Miriam no longer refused to mingle in society; she smiled sometimes at her charming figure reflected in the mirrors, and at last she was even brought out by suffering; the wonderful effect of which was that her step-daughter and her great brown eyes were more deep and full of feeling than ever before. She was now a far-away look, as if searching for some one in the distance; and Mrs. Orme, for one year, Walter Lovell had then returned, and he was always with Miriam. She loved him. She had but a little way to look now—only into her own heart—to see all that she needed to see in this world.

Social Intercourse.

Without Peterson's Magazine. A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, symmetrically finished, outstanding, unbroken, and perfectly rounded, surveying the most magnificent scenery, and unmoved by the tempest, but ever which decay has shaken its limbs, and the lightning blasted its limbs contract as they die; its roots, naked and bare, clinging to the rock, a useless monument of its pristine beauty. When it was surrounded by its companions of the forest, when the clouds took birch shoots, and the sun shone upon its leaves, when the breeze played along the sky, when our frame is pulled, by the skirting forest of branches, and the birds twittered in the mellifluous chaos of humility, when

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents (Active or Ex-officio) of Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. II.

HINTS TO A YOUTH ABOUT TO ENTER COLLEGE.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAZELIUS, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

For almost a half century, the writer of the following suggestions has been engaged in the instruction of youth; and he hopes that a knowledge of this fact will render the opinions which he in this paper the more acceptable to that class of young persons whom good he has now more particularly in view.

1. His first suggestion is this:—Endeavor to form a definite idea of the design of a college, and also of the benefits you hope to derive from becoming a member of such an institution. Unless you do something of this kind, there is great reason to fear that you will fail to reap the full advantages of a college course of instruction and discipline.

Let it then be deeply impressed on your mind that it is not the design of a college to furnish a retreat for the indolent, nor a harbor for the reckless. Time, and, sometimes, much of it, is their way into our hall of science and learning, but they are intruders and should be thrust out as unworthy of the rocky they seek. Youth, however, who have no relish for study and no desire for the acquisition of knowledge ought not to seek admission into colleges or crave public favors and honors which are the rightful prerogative of the studious and diligent. Such youth can fill their time and dispose of their money, and degrade the literary institutions of which they are members; and they should do so rather than attempt to make them exceptions to the general rule that any indulge their tastes with less detriment to the interests of others than to themselves. It is not to be expected that a youth who at school is idle, and at home free from restraint, will at college be submissive to authority and attentive to study. To rise in the youth the student of a college will have to pursue similar strictures; to a self-willed one its discipline must always seem a burden. The substance of lessons he will be disposed to neglect, the prescribed rules he will hesitate to violate; and sooner or later he will subject himself to censure, and perhaps to dismission with disgrace. All such youths should remain at home, at least until they have learned to appreciate more highly the value of such knowledge and manners as is dependent on the habit of submitting, and, on the other hand, there is but little danger that a youth who has been under proper discipline at home will go seriously astray at college.

The very term College, in its ordinary acceptation, denotes the various objects connected with it are not apart for purposes of learning or religion and in most colleges there are more than a greater or less extent combined; and he who would become a well-educated citizen or the no less noble thing as a thoroughly educated man, must be a diligent student. He must not only be so more disciplinarily, but the moral and intellectual part of man is neglected, and he is not viewed and treated merely as an intellectual and not as a moral and accountable being. The complete education but respect to the latter man; or, in other words, he is moral as well as his intellectual faculties, and owes to his body powers. The well-educated man has been taught to govern his appetites, to regulate his passions, to control his desires, to fix his attention, to exercise his judgment, to seek after knowledge, and, in short, to do everything which tends to improve the heart, discipline the mind, and invigorate the body. That such an education cannot be imparted where religion is left entirely out of view it requires no argument to prove.

To furnish the means for the acquisition of such an education, and the proper incentives to the diligent use of those means, should be the aim of all who have in their hands the instruction and government of our colleges; and, as this is the true end or design of a college should be such in mind by every youth who seeks admission into such an institution. If this be done, there is good reason to hope that the college course will be both profitable and pleasant, and will not with power upon the student.

2. The next suggestion has respect to preparation for college; and it is this:—Make it your earnest care to be fully prepared for the class into which you are to enter. Remember that your standing in college will not depend upon the class or which you may be admitted, but upon your scholarship and deportment. Rather enter a lower class to which you are in learning superior, than a higher one to which you are in the least inferior. It is rarely the case that a youth has been injured by reviewing his college studies which he had pursued at the academy school; but it is no unusual occurrence that by entering classes for which they are not fully prepared, young gentlemen of good talent prove to be but ordinary scholars at the end of their college course, who, with a little more patience and modesty, would have made attainments of a high order. When applicants for admission to a particular class are not prepared for that class, and are so informed by the College Faculty, they are often ready to promise that every deficiency shall be made good, and that the utmost diligence shall be employed to place them on a footing of perfect equality with those already in the class, if they can only be permitted to enter it. This is a large majority of such persons do shall fail to fulfil their engagements in what might be expected, unless the course of recitation is safely declines; for when that course is finally completed, it is to be presumed that the members of the several classes have enough to do in attending to their regular studies and to such reading and other exercises as should accompany the preparation for their studies, without any extra burden imposed upon them.

3. And then, by your first declaration upon leaving the academy for college, that you will carefully avoid the cause for which, after a careful examination, you shall be found to be finally rejected.

4. The third suggestion or counsel is this: Be not in haste to enter upon the acquisition of your studies, upon your arrival at college. Intimacies are not unfrequently commenced at this time, which exert an important influence upon the character and usefulness of the whole career. Read with diligence all who tender to you any civilities, but be not quick in according to their proffered friendship.

From a laudable rivalry existing between the literary societies in many of our colleges, it often happens, that in hope of obtaining for their members a society an accession of talent and numbers, one or many of the students will wait upon a youthful stranger, on the day of his arrival, and tender their good offices in any way which they can do so or service to him. These courtesies are often extended by the most accomplished and popular students, and are unfrequently by the most able. Attentions of this kind from whomever they may proceed, are to make a deep impression on the mind of an inexperienced youth, and especially if separated from home. Hence the necessity of being on your guard, lest you should be led away captive by those, an intimate acquaintance with whom is not for your good. Be respectful to everybody; the language and deportment of your new acquaintances, and should you find them to be at variance with the rules of the college, or with the usages of well regulated society, avoid, with all possible politeness, the proffered attentions, and wait till you have a good right to become acquainted with others better fitted to be your companions. Such a company will be virtuous and of the diligent among your fellow students, and so conduct yourself as to win their esteem and respect. As soon after your arrival as is practicable, present to the President of your college, and present your letters; and be faithful in the discharge of all the duties and engagements which it may be necessary for you to make, upon your admission into college.

4. A fourth suggestion is this: Regard yourself as bound in honor to obey the laws of the college, whether you are required, or not required, to give a promise to this effect. Ingenuous youth will feel an liberty to avail themselves of the privileges of a college, and be heedless of the conditions, expressed or implied, on which they are granted to every student. Failure, therefore, to the latter purpose, that

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE DREAMER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.

The Earth in a soft partition lies,
With half-closed eyes upturned to the roof,
While light from airs from the calm seas above
Is stirring the tresses of her dusky wool,
Letting the sunbeams flutter and flow
On the faint-flushed cheek of the dreamer below.

II.

By brink of violets sings the brook,
Lend ever pulses and sets the wood a-stir;
And the wanderer lute, like a silver book
Just dropped from the sleeper's drowsy hand,
Retains its tongue, crystal-bright,
Of shores remembered and deeds in their flight.

III.

A bare bird-call from the woodland brown,
A tender note from out the copse,
A fountain of melody bubbling down
From the dewish wise but with its cedar tops;
And the lips of the dreamer with bright smiles part
As the music-child to her mother hears.

IV.

A pair of lovers, with downcast eyes,
Stroll down through the fragrant meadow-scent,
With lowered voices and ever nearer drift
Toward the even the nearby sound at their feet;
Then, with a sudden, glad surprise, they say:
"Oh, my children, come here for aye!"

V.

"Sweet be thy dreams!" from the circle round
And the waving willows around the lake;
"Sweet be thy dreams!" from the river sound;
"Sweet be thy dreams, for thy children's sake!"
And the mother lid on the mother's breast,
And gladden her deep maternal rest.

VI.

So, softly pulsed the hours and stirred,
While the fairies were busy for her sake,
In dreams to repeat the beautiful lives
Which she sees and studies in all Nature;
And the happiness flutter and flow,
Like angel-smiles, over the dreamer below.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "RESPONSIBLE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE UNDER HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS.

Little can we tell, who share
Our household hearth of love and ease;
Who breathe the fragrant air
Around us every day and hour
As we see the lilies bow,
Or the young wind-shaken fern,
What has left the starry sphere,
Or what the angel ministers
To shield us from mortal harm.

T. POWELL.

In the course of the next week, one or more from every group who had been invited to the Christmas party, called, and all who did so, left cards also for Mrs. Alexander Lyon.

Besides this, Mrs. Colonel Seymour, the nearest neighbor of Mrs. Judson Imlaach friend of the Lyons, issued invitations for a large party to come off on Twelfth Night. And the Seymours, Anna, Drusilla and Dick, each received one.

"Oh, Anna, dear, Drusilla is inspired!" said Anna, as the two young women sat together looking at their cards.

"Dear Anna, I do not know that I shall go," answered Drusilla, gravely.

"Why not?"

"I have an insinuative feeling that I should like very much to go, especially since you are invited—for, in fact, as I should have lived, if I had gone back to Cedarwood alone."

"If you had gone back to Cedarwood alone, Drusilla, you would have done very wrong to go, to have lived the life of a hermit, to have your reputation, your only legacy, even than you have sacrificed it, by your absence from the Christmas festivities of the season. But now you are living with us, which makes all the difference. Now you may freely enjoy all the social pleasures natural to your youth. The most malignant slander of the fame that ever lived would never dare to assail a lady who is a member of General Lyon's family," said Anna, proudly. "And it was to secure this freedom of action and those social enjoyments to you, no less than to shield you from danger, that my dear grandfather so fatally insisted on your remaining with us," she added.

"Oh, how I be grateful enough to him for all the loving kindness to me!" Oh, Anna, under Divine Providence, he has been my salvation!" exclaimed Drusilla, her face beaming with grati-tude and love.

"I am glad you, too, came here as you got my card and gave him the opportunity of doing what he had done. He has a great hope heart and not objects enough to ill it. He is very fond of you and your boy, and your presence here makes him happier... But to return to our invitation—about this party at the Seymours. Now, as to your scruples about going into company, instead of living secluded on account of Alexander's desertion,—disdain them at once. Leaning on my grandfather's arm,—for he is to be your escort, and Dick adieu,—you can go anywhere with safety. But, I fear, it is for some other reason why you do not wish to go to the Seymours, of whose you can stay at home. You wish you to see the most perfect freedom of action, my dear Drusilla, and we will not urge you a fore when we see you inclined to insinuate yourself upon the social altar of your diet. So, to the matter of the party, pray do as you please."

"Then, if you and auntie think it right, I would like very much to go with you, Fanny parties. I enjoyed ours very much."

"I should think you did. You are but seventeen years old yet, and all your social pleasures are to come. You were the beauty of the evening, my little Anna."

"Oh no, Anna, oh no, no, no, Anna! that I never could have worn any of my dresses," replied Ella, blushing intensely with the earnestness of her denial.

"Nonsense! I am an old maid. I am quite certain. I am nearly twenty-three years old, and have been out five seasons!" laughed Anna, while her handsome dimples of her own words with which a conscious beauty sometimes lays last such things.

"Oh, Anna, how can you say such things of yourself? I would not be old as you are for all you, Anna! Why, Anna, you know you moved through your grandfather's halls that night a perfect queen, and I thought I There was no one who could at all equal or approach you!"

"Nonsense, I say! I overheard several people say that I was not looking as well as usual, that I had seen my best days, and so forth..."

"They were envious and spiteful people whom you had eclipsed Anna, and, if I had heard them, I should have given them to know it!"

"Fie, you little pigeon, can you peck?" laughed Anna.

"Pigeons can peck, and sharply too, I assure you. And I should have pecked any of those who I heard saying impertinent things of you; but I heard nothing of the sort—I heard only praises and admiration. But there! I declare you ought not to disparage yourself so as to oblige me to tell the truth about you to your face, for, in this case, truth is high praise, and it is perfectly odious to have to praise a friend to her face," said Drusilla.

"I agree with you. So if you will let me have the last word and say that you really have the beauty of our ball, I will consent to drop the subject. And now for the other one: Do you would like to go to the Seymours?"

"Yes, very much, for I enjoy parties. I do not think I should like to go to one every day or even every week; but once or twice a month I really should enjoy them."

"I think so, indeed. Billie belle! Well, and now comes the next important question. What are we to wear? Undoubtedly we cannot order the carriage and drive down the street to the most fashionable modiste and inspect the newest styles of green goods and head-dresses and all that, as if we were in the city. We are in the country, and must make our toilet from what we have got in the house. Reign be! it is a great bore, being so far away from shops."

"But, oh, Anna, we have got so much in the house. Think of your magnificent trousseau, with scarcely one of your many dresses touched yet."

"That is all very well. But you know they were made and trimmed between the and six months ago; and every week something new in the way of trimmings and head-dresses comes up in town. However, we must do the best we can. It is country ball, and all the gentlemen will be in the same case, that is one comfort."

"But one dress will be so well off as you are with your trousseau."

"That is true, and Dick is another comfort, a very selfish one however. Well, let me see, I think I will wear my light blue silk trimmed with white illusion over it, looped up with blue bells and lilies of the valley, with a wreath of the same. How will that do?"

"It will be very pretty and tasteful."

"And you, dear darling? What have you to wear? You know my dresses fit you, and my wardrobe is quite at your service!"

"Thanks, dear Anna; but I have a great plenty of dresses that have never been worn, and of dress goods that have never been made up. In the five weeks of our married life my dear Alick bought every rich and pretty thing that he found in the shops on the city."

"Very well, then. What shall you wear?"

"You know that being to be second year in my mourning, I am restricted to white muslin over a bright silk."

"Pardon me, I think there is. Mr. Alexander Lyon has ordered for his wife and child and failed to provide for them. Such is not the course of an honorable man. Bill, as some of the same sort of blood that warms my own all heart runs also in his veins, there must be some little sense of honor sleeping somewhere in his breast. I will awaken it and appeal to it. He must of his own free will make over all his right, title and interest in this inheritance to his injured young wife."

"Then he knew of this inheritance, eh?"

"Not one word, I think."

"If you please to do so he will act as you wish!"

"I have not the least doubt of it. Whether he does or not, I shall act as rich as Croesus, and be as generous as Lucifer. Having discarded her, he would not touch a penny of her money if it was to save his own life or hers. So is it not because I think he would waste, or squander her means that I wish her fortune settled upon herself, but because I wish her to be totally independent of him and be able to do her own will with her own money."

"See here, said Mr. Kent, "Where is Mr. Alexander Lyon now?"

"In Washington City, where I would like you to call upon and apprise him of this large inheritance and see if anything in regard to it."

"I will do so with pleasure. Pray give me his business address at large, and also a letter of introduction to Mr. Lyon."

Both gentlemen were never to hold any communication with that man again. But for his wife's dear sake I will write him a letter. And now, Mr. Kent, there is our first dinner-bell. Let us go down to dinner, and after dinner I have you to a chamber prepared for you. I will always go here and take you to the depot myself."

The dust-covered lawyer bowed his thanks and his acceptance of the service, and the trio went hither.

After that day, the lawyer, for the first time, made his residence entirely with Alexander Lyon. And with all his cares of business, and with all his anxiety, no one could say man in his sober senses could have abandoned himself to the more perfect enjoyment of domestic life.

Mr. Kent staid two days at Old Lyon Hall, and then left with a great heaviness. He accordingly called in concealing from the lawyer the extreme of his amazement. He was, though, almost "stunned" by the news.

"Time, my friend's time was precious; so, barely giving Mr. Alexander a minute to recover his lost breath, and setting upon General Lyon's instructions, he proposed to the husband to resign the whole of her property—income and all—to the discarded wife.

Alexander arose, a proud disdain curling its lips and flashing from his eyes, and answered proudly:

"Unquestionably, sir! Prepare the proper papers with your utmost dispatch, and I shall be intended to sail for Europe in Saturday's steamer, and I will sign them before I go. I am sure that these deeds shall be executed; for I could no longer bear to have Anna's interests in her possession than I could endure any other sort of ingenuity. How soon will you be ready to sign them?"

Mr. Kent could not tell within a day or two—probably never only, you know. He was engaged to prepare them very early in the next week, in the city. He would then return to the voyage on the following Saturday.

And as Lawyer Kent went on his way to Baltimore, musing:

"This is a pitiful fellow, and she is a sweet young creature; they are an admirable pair! What the mischief can have come between them?—ah, the devil, of course."

Mr. Kent was as good as his word. On Tuesday morning, he placed the requisite deeds in the hands of Mr. Lyon, who, in the presence of several witnesses and before a notary-public, formally signed, sealed, and delivered them again into the custody of the lawyer.

And, on Thursday evening, Mr. Kent arrived at Old Lyon Hall, to announce the successful termination of the whole business, and to congratulate his client on her accession to one of the largest fortunes in America.

"And I think, my dear," whispered General Lyon in his privateer, "that you cannot better show your sense of these gentlemen's zeal in your cause than by making them your guests in the management of your financial affairs."

"I perfectly agree with you, my dear uncle. Tell them so, please," replied Drusilla.

And so it was arranged; and Mr. Kent went on his way rejoicing, "having made a good thing out of it."

"And Alick has signed over to me all his majority interest in her stock—and so would I, if he did not need, say part of it; but he would have been wicked, as well as heartily welcome to the whole. At most, I only should have walked straight off and back dear Cedarwood," said Drusilla to herself, gaily, Anna, as they sat together in their room.

"By did right. How could he have done otherwise under the circumstances? Even you, with all your loving faith, must have seen for him if, after forsaking you, he had taken any part of your fortune," said Anna.

Drusilla blushed intensely, at the bare supposition that her dear Alick could do anything to make her loyal heart despise him, and she answered warmly:

"But he did not do it! He would never do such a thing. If my Alick has ever seemed to have been under the influence of some great passion amounting almost to madness, he would not do wrong in cold blood."

Anna did not gainsay her. Miss Lyon had quite given up arguing with the young wife on the subject of her husband's merits. If Drusilla had chosen to assert that Alexander was the wisest of men, the bravest of heroes and the best of saints, Anna would not openly have differed with her. She would have feared the reaction from his merits to his nonentents.

"Alick sent for Europe to-morrow," he said.

"Yes, so Mr. Kent says. But do you know what steamer he goes in, Anna? Mr. Kent did not happen to name it, and I shrank from asking him."

"There is but one—the Erie. I suppose, of course, he goes on that. However, on Monday we shall get the New York papers, and then we can examine the list of passengers, and see if his name is among them," said Anna.

And with a answer the young wife had to rest satisfied.

CHAPTER LV.

HALCYON DAYS.

A serene and happy time
Followed the bridal—calm and bright
As the last, as all to from a tempest
Of the fierce passions that had vexed
The hearts of Drusilla and Alick Wansborough.

Very early on Monday morning, Alexander was dispatched to Baltimore to meet the mail boat. He returned in time, however, and was diligent that he brought in the bag and delivered it to the master while the family sat at breakfast.

There were no letters for anybody, but all the New York papers of the day.

General Lyon distributed them. A New York paper was handed to Anna and Drusilla, and immediately to look for news of the outward bound steamers. And as Alick was not there to be sought out. And as Alick was not there, he silently dropped word in the possession of Drusilla. She also silently passed them to Drusilla, and pointed to the list of passengers for Liverpool who sailed by the Erie, from New York, on the Saturday previous.

Drusilla looked and read among them:

"Mr. Alexander Lyon and two servants."

Drusilla silently passed the paper to a low voice:

"It is better so, for the present. I hope that he will enjoy himself and come home in a happier frame of mind."

"Of whom are you speaking, my child?" inquired Mrs. Lyon, who had not heard the report of the last great debate in the Senate.

"Of Alick, dear aunt. He has gone for Liverpool on last Saturday," answered Drusilla, quite calmly.

"Ah! he did? Well, I think it about the best thing he could do, under the circumstances. And there until he comes to his senses. Joy go with him! I shall certainly extinguish the old gentleman."

"Dear uncle?" pleaded Drusilla.

"Yes, my dear, I will not be said, 'Joy go with him.' That was a benediction, was it not?"

"I do not suppose it was so intended, exactly."

The General coughed slightly and returned to the paper of the debate.

But Alexander had mistaken himself to parts of the Old World, and was by no means brokenhearted on that account.

He was in the best of spirits when he left for him seemed already to have fallen; all the hurt of his wife's desertion and all the humiliation already to have been suffered and forgotten.

Alexander was glad that, though his wife and him as faithfully and hoped to him as trustfully as ever, he had not been obliged to see her again.

I repeat it—she could love forever and hope forever, but she could not forgive. Forgiveness with her beautiful bright boy before her eyes.

He was delighted to see the young creature at his time of her life. She was the sunshine of the household, and the joy of the household.

Silence and trustfulness of childhood seemed to have returned to her. The cloud that had already childhood had not been a particularly happy one, to have returned to her. The cloud that had already child.

She sang in her nursing chair, or at her needle-work, all the morning; she sang at the piano, or with her voice and guitar, almost all day. Dick in the evening. She had a clear, sweet, natural voice, a pure appreciation of melody, and to the bird-like carols that she most favored.

Drusilla's whole nature, which had been long had survived all other exhilarations, and had even survived the shock of her husband's, and never to grow weary of her delicious notes.

"Sing something, dear!"

"Dear grandpa," she would often repeat, "I will sing you all that I know, and then I will sit her with you when Dick takes his away. It will be a long evening, and we will have no time for lonesome."

She never knew how may be, my dear, the secret of our darling, the more inclined Anna to think that she was not to be sung to sleep. Dick, the more inclined she was willing to resign her. And so when what shall I do?" she said to Anna, one night.

And then Drusilla put her hand in his, and looked down into his face with a bewitching affection, and answered;

"I know it, my child, I know it; I need no assurance from you to learn what love you have you are. But, my dear girl, do you think I would permit you to sacrifice your happiness for my sake? No, dear Drusilla, when our prodigal comes to himself and seeks your love again, you will be ready and eager to be reunited to him, and you must go with him, although I cannot be left alone... And this for your happiness, which must not be sacrificed for me."

"Happiness? sacrificed? Oh, uncle! father, dear, dear friend! you do not know your heart. The happiness would be in staying with you to solace your solitude; the sacrifice would be in

leaving you alone. I *could* not and I *would* not do it, no, not even for my dear Alick. Nor would he wish it; for when he 'comes to himself,' as you say, he will come to his better, nobler self.—his just and true self."

"Ah! my darling, you have great faith in that man."

"Because I judge him by the whole tenor of his past life, and not by the last few months of moral insanity?"

"May Heaven justify your faith, my dear," replied the veteran.

Soon after the Christmas and New Year's festivities were over, Richard Hammond made a move towards terminating his visit. But poor Dick's nature was so perfectly transparent that every one knew it was a most reluctant move. General Lyon, Anna and Drusilla all knew that Dick was very desirous of staying at Old Lyon Hall, and they all felt that the "unlucky day," would be much safer with his relations in the country than among his "friends" in the city. So when Dick at length named an early day in February for his departure, the General said:

"Nonsense, boy, stay where you are."

"I should be glad enough to stay," Dick frankly answered, "but you see I feel I am trespassing. Bless my soul and life, sir, I have been here nearly three months."

"What of that? Stay three years. Stay three centuries if you live so long. My boy, all counted, we are but four; not enough to crowd this big old house; not enough to fill it, or half fill it. So, if you find yourself at ease among us, remain with us."

"But you see, dear grandpa," said Anna, wickedly, "he is *not* at ease among us. He is very restless with us. He is longing to get back to the city. He is pining for the society of his esteemed friends—the gallant Captain Reding and the brave Lieutenant Harpe."

"Oh, Anna, Anna! that was bloodthirsty!" said Dick in a grieved and outraged manner.

"Then if that is not so, what is the attraction to the city, Dick?" laughed Anna.

"Nothing at all. You know that as well as I do."

Anna did know it, but for all that she answered maliciously:

"Then I can't think why you wish to leave us."

"I *don't* wish to leave you. I would much rather stay. I have been here so long, I might well suppose that I had worn out my welcome. But as you and uncle are kind enough to tell me that I have not, I *will* stay, and 'thank you too,' as the girl said to the boy that asked her to have him."

"And don't take it into your head again, Dick, that you are wearing out your welcome. When we get tired of you, Dick, I will take it upon myself to send you about your business."

"Very well, Anna. I hope you will do so."

In truth, Dick had enough to keep him in the neighborhood. Hammond House and Hammondville, forming the greater portion of the landed estate he had recently inherited, lay within a few miles of Old Lyon Hall.

The whole place was now in charge of a resident bailiff, who was instructed to put it in thorough repair for the reception of its new master. And these repairs were going on as fast as circumstances would permit.

The outdoor work was of course frequently suspended during the inclemency of the weather. But the house was filled with carpenters, plasterers, painters and paper-hangers.

And it was well that Dick should occasionally ride there to overlook those workmen. The most careful instructions are not often carried out, under these circumstances, without the frequent presence of the master.

It was thought expedient also that Anna, whose home it would sometime be, should be taken into the counsels and accompany Dick in his visits of inspection to Hammond House. And whenever the weather permitted she went there with him.

Hammond House was not to be their permanent home, however. During the life of General Lyon, they were to live at Old Lyon Hall.

Three times a week, when the mail came into Saulsburg and the letters and papers were brought to Old Lyon Hall, Drusilla turned to the ship-news. At length she saw announced the safe arrival of the Erie at Liverpool. And then she knew that was the last of even indirect news she might hope to hear of Alexander.

But she was not depressed on that account. Her faith, hope and love were strong. Everybody was very good to her. Her baby boy was growing in strength, beauty and intelligence.

The spring was to be early this year. The latter days of February were bright and lovely harbingers of its quick approach.

In the finest hours of the finest days Drusilla took her baby out for short drives around the park—the nurse dragging the little carriage and the mother walking by its side, and Leo often following to open gates or remove obstacles.

There was not unfrequently a high dispute between the brother and sister as to who should take care of the baby.

Leo insisted that as the baby was a boy, it was *his* right to have charge of him, and declared that he could see no fitness at all in a girl setting herself up to nurse a boy.

Pina retorted that such a thing as a male nurse never was heard of either for male or female child.

Leo would then bring forward his mistress's promise that he himself should have a good time with little Master Leonard, riding him about on his shoulder.

Pina would request him to give that piece of information to the "horse-marines," who might be credulous enough to believe his story. As for herself, she rejected it totally and held fast by her own rights as sole nurse by appointment of her mistress.

Through all these quarrels one fact was evident—the devotion of the brother and sister to the young child and his mother, of whom it might almost be said that their servants were ready to lay down their lives in their service.

Drusilla had not given up her favorite project of purchasing Cedarwood. She had written and instructed her attorneys to make overtures to the present proprietors of the place, for that purchase. She told them that she knew of course the people who had so recently purchased the property would want a very handsome bonus before they would consent to part with it again so soon; and that she was prepared to satisfy their demands, as she preferred to pay an exorbitant price for the place rather than miss its possession.

Her attorneys, who were long-headed men of business, in no way given to sentiment or extravagance, wrote in reply that they hoped with a little patience and good management to buy the estate at something like a fair valuation.

So Drusilla agreed to wait.

Meanwhile General Lyon had not forgotten that he had promised to purchase Cedarwood, and bestow it upon Drusilla as a New Year's present. And he also set about negotiating for his purpose.

This reached the ears of Drusilla's lawyers, who immediately wrote to ask her if she was aware that her uncle, also, was after the place.

Drusilla was not aware of the fact; but now that she heard of it, she of course understood that the General could only be seeking it for her sake.

So she went to the old gentleman and assured him that as much as she loved him, she could not possibly receive so magnificent a present from his hands, but very much desired to purchase the estate with her own funds.

General Lyon laughed, and assured her that his only motive in trying to buy Cedarwood was to keep his word to her; but that, if she released him from it, he was ready to give up the project. For he was well aware, he said, that to bestow property on a lady who owned warehouses piled with merchandize in Baltimore and San Francisco, and merchant ships at sea trading to all parts of the world, besides bank stock and railway shares in almost every State, and gold mines in California, to bestow a little bit of property on such a billionaire would simply be to send coals to Newcastle."

So the General wrote and stopped the proceedings of *his* lawyers.

And Drusilla wrote and told *hers* to go ahead as fast as they saw fit.

But it was April before any measure of importance was taken. Then Messrs. Heneage & Kent, who had been as active and as artful as detectives in the business, wrote to inform their client that they had discovered that the present proprietor of Cedarwood, who was a person of very restless disposition and unsettled habits, had become dissatisfied with the place and was anxious to dispose of it, and would do so immediately if he could sell it for as much as he gave for it. Now, as Alexander Lyon had sold the estate at some sacrifice during his fit of fury, it was therefore supposed to be a good bargain. The lawyers wrote to ask further instructions from their client.

Drusilla by return mail directed them to buy Cedarwood immediately, as her great desire was to possess it as soon as possible, on any terms. She also requested them to buy as much of the wooded land around Cedarwood as they could get at a reasonable, or even at a slightly unreasonable price, as she intended to improve the place as much as it would admit of, and wished, among other things, to have a little home park.

It was well for this young Fortunata that her attorneys had much more prudence than herself. They were not disposed to pay fancy prices for fancy places, even when they were spending their client's money instead of their own, and getting a good percentage on it. So they managed matters so well that, by the first of May, the whole business was successfully completed.

Cedarwood, with its original twenty-five acres of partially cleared land, was purchased for twenty thousand dollars, and one hundred acres of wild forest land lying all around it was purchased for thirty thousand—the whole property costing fifty thousand.

"A very excellent investment," wrote Heneage & Kent, "even as a mere country seat; but the land so near the city is rapidly rising in value; and when you may wish to do so in future years, you may divide it into half a hundred villa sites, and sell each part for as much money as you now pay for the whole."

But Drusilla was not thinking of land speculations, so she ran to her friends and, after telling them of the completion of the purchase of Cedarwood, she exclaimed:

"And now we shall have such a beautiful home near the city to receive us all when we go to Washington to spend the winter. It will be so much better than a hotel or boarding-house in the city. It is only half an hour's drive from the Capitol. We can live there so comfortable and be as quiet as we please when we wish to be so, and enter into all the amusements of the city we like when we wish to do so. It will only be to start half an hour earlier when we go to a party or a play, half an hour earlier from Cedarwood than we should from a hotel in the city, I mean. And then when we leave a brilliant ball-room or opera-house, it will be so pleasant to come to a sweet, quiet home in the woods, instead of to a noisy, unwholesome hotel—don't you think so, dear uncle?" she said, appealing to the General.

"Yes, my darling, I do," answered the old gentleman.

"And shall you like the plan?"

"Very much, my dear child. I never could sleep well at any of the hotels in Washington or in any other city, for that matter. The noise of the carriages in the streets always kept me awake nearly all night."

"And you, Anna—shall you like it?"

"Of course I shall. I detest hotels. The clean, face towels always smell sour or fetid, for one thing. And boarding houses and furnished lodgings are almost as bad."

"I am delighted! So in future I and my baby shall be *your* guests at old Lyon Hall or at Hammond House during the summer, and you all shall be my guests at Cedarwood all the winter. And I shall write to "mammy," and offer her and her husband the situations of housekeeper and head gardener there, at liberal wages. And they will keep the house and grounds always in good order, and ready to receive us. Will not that be pleasant, Dick?"

"Pleasant!" exclaimed Mr. Hammond, enthusiastically; "it will be perfectly delightful."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE HIGHWAY ROBBER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Now, Charley, you will have to ride fast, if you expect to get home by dark!"

"I don't expect to get home before dark," I answered, deliberately buttoning my gloves, while my sister fluttered around me like a human specimen of the tribe humming-bird, and her husband, the sober, steady-going city lawyer regarded her with pleased admiration!

"There, there, Sybil, you'll strangle me outright if you put any more scarfs round my neck. I am not an Egyptian mummy, although you seem to have some such impressions in your mind!"

"Well, but, Charley, what will Miriam say, if you take cold?"

"Dose me with hot foot-baths and syrup of squills, I suppose. Come—I must be off!"

"Did you put the money in your inside coat pocket?" asked my brother-in-law.

"Certainly, I did—two hundred and fifty dollars of my own and five hundred of Mrs. Torrey's. Upon my honor, the temptation to bid adieu to my native land and depart for California—abscond, in short—is rather a strong one!"

"We'll send a policeman in charge," said Sybil's husband, drily. "It will be mortifying to your relations, but that we must endeavor to endure!"

So, after a little more careless badinage of this sort, I jumped into my little open wagon, drawing the plush-lined robe over my knees, for the October evening was sharp and frosty, although brilliantly clear, and drove briskly away through the liquid gold of the sunset!

It was a long ride that lay before me—some seven miles into the country, through lonely picturesque roads, shut in by magnificent pine trees, and leafless oak forests, and, as I was rather a lover of solitude, the prospect was by no means uninviting, and my chestnut-colored horse trotted soberly along the road as if he were quite prepared for the evening's pilgrimage.

I had stopped at the Bank that afternoon, and drawn out ten hundred and fifty dollars for immediate use, which was in my inner breast pocket, snugly rolled away in an old leather pocket-book, and in yet another pocket-book was five hundred dollars entrusted to my care by my brother-in-law, for Mrs. Torrey, a hard working old widow lady who dwelt just beyond my own home. Walton had invested money for her, and this was the result—a gratifying surprise to the poor old creature whose means were painfully limited.

As I reached the entrance to the wooded road, or rather the spot where the wooded road branched away from the more universally travelled main turn-pike, the sun sank below the horizon, and the refreshing coolness and delicious air of twilight, all scented with resinous piney odors and the musky perfume of fallen leaves, began to pervade my lonely path. Involuntarily I slackened my reins and looked round the sweet woodland solitude.

Not entirely a solitude, however. A single person sat on the crumbling trunk of a fallen tree, just within the edge of the woods—an old woman, clad in a worn, brown cloak, with a quilted black hood on her head. As the clear ring of my horse's hoofs sounded on the road, she rose up—a tall, bowed form, and recommenced a weary gait, like one little refreshed by rest.

As I overtook her, a vague feeling of compunction entered my mind—some dim and undefined recollection of my old mother, now long dead and buried, floated across my memory, and I checked Baron instinctively.

"We are going the same way," I said, "will you ride?"

With some muttered formula of thanks, the old woman hobbled to the side of the wagon. I put out my hand to assist her, but with an agility that was little short of marvellous, she sprang up to her seat beside me.

"Why, you are very nimble for your years, good mother," I said, pleasantly.

"Not very, sir," she said, in a strange, hoarse voice. "I am old—old and feeble."

Old and feeble she might have been, but she was tall and largely made, with muscular arms, and a gigantic frame. I thought of Meg Merrilies. She would have been aptly represented by my singular companion!

I made one or two efforts to draw her into conversation, but she was not inclined to talk, and kept the hood drawn well over her face, as I drove on in silence.

As we came into an opening, where the clear traces of sunset yet made a brightness in the silent air, I stooped suddenly forward; ostensibly to pick up my fallen whip from the floor of the wagon, to which it had slipped,—in reality to obtain a glimpse of my companion's face.

Merciful Father! it was the dark and bearded face of a man—a face lighted by deep set black eyes, with shagged elf locks hanging over the swarthy brow, and a mouth such as ought to belong to the brute creature, rather than to the countenance of man!

In an instant a full and complete sense of all the danger of my situation flashed upon me, as if a sheet of lightning might have illumined the solitary scene around us. I had been watched at the bank—my errand thither had probably become known, and I had been waylaid, with the intention of robbery, perhaps something even worse. My blood ran cold as I recognized all the untoward circumstances that seemed to surround me. I was prepared with no one weapon of defence, save the light whip-handle in my hand, and even had I been armed, the size and strength of my muscular companion far exceeded my own, and the consequences of a hand-to-hand struggle would scarcely be in my favor! One thing I fully realized—that it would be the worst and most disastrous policy to evince any consciousness that I had penetrated the flimsy disguise adopted by the ruffian, and I drove on in silence, although the cold dew stood like beads on my forehead.

Was I a coward? The reader may smile as he glances over this faithful record of my feelings and sensations; but it is far different to read these things by a snug fireside, with Policeman No. 625 patrolling in front of your door, and to act them—to live them out, as it were—in the desolate loneliness of a forest road, with no human aid near, and Death riding almost at your right hand. I have been placed in situations of more than average danger in my day, nor have I shrunk from them; but never did I feel such an overwhelming, helpless sense of terror as brooded over my whole being at that instant. I am not a coward, but the blood stood still in my veins like some current that is slowly turning to ice!

"What's that?" I ejaculated, sharply, as something fell with a smart metallic ring on the oil-clothed carriage floor. My companion stooped with confused haste.

"Only my snuff-box, sir!"

"But it was no snuff-box; it was something that gleamed long and sharp and ghastly like a knife in the uncertain twilight, the one instant that I caught sight of it! It was but for an instant—the next it was deftly concealed beneath the folds of the worn brown cloak.

Well, there could no longer be the slightest doubt as to the meaning and end of all this thing—I might as well prepare my mind for the worst. But with a dogged resolution that sometimes comes at the moment of extremist peril, I determined that this ruffian should reap no actual advantage from my unprotected situation.

With a slow, gradual series of apparently unconnected movements, I advanced my left hand towards my inner pocket, and drew out Mrs. Torrey's black pocket-book, letting the hand fall carelessly on my knee in the dusk. Then after a minute or two of apparent carelessness, I hung my hand over the side of the wagon, and dropped the pocket-book just beyond a huge old gnarled stump whose locality was well known to me. It was trusting a good deal to chance, but what else had I to trust?

Next came my own—a less important packet, but scarcely less prized. I was not rich, nor did I choose to lose the little that was my own, hard earned and carefully saved. At a curve in the road, a blasted tree lifted its white skeleton-like arms high in air—at the foot of this spectre tree I left my little treasure.

Then, relieved in mind, and with a certain defiance and recklessness of danger that seemed all at once to rise up within me, I turned boldly to my silent companion.

"Look here, sir," I said, resolutely, "I have had quite enough of your society—suppose we part company!"

The man threw back his coarse cloak with a low laugh.

"Yes, I see—you think you've made a discovery! No—I don't choose to part company just yet—not until I've made something out of you!"

"There is nothing to make," I said, coolly. "I have just seventy-five cents in my pocket, and a silver watch—if you think it worth while to incur the risk of felony for so small a gain as that, why I cannot prevent you."

"You lie," growled the man, seizing my throat with an iron grasp; "you have that bank money about you."

"I have not."

"Where is it, then?"

"Where you will not find it in a hurry!"

The next thing of which I was fairly conscious was being thrown from the wagon on the road side by a strong hand, and being roughly searched while I lay partially stunned on the dewey bank.

"Where is that money?" hissed my captor close in my ear.

"I will not tell you!"

We were just within the balsam-scented wall of pines and undergrowth that clothed the upward-sloping bank on the right side of the road. I felt his fingers tightening on my throat, but I awaited my impending fate with a calmness close akin to desperation.

Just then the rattle of wheels, the regular beat of horse's hoofs on the smooth road, struck on my ear. I strove to cry out, but the cruel hand grasped my throat with steadily compressing hold. So close were we to human aid and human sympathy that I could hear the wheels stop,—I could hear the well-known voice of Ethan Day, one of my neighbors, crying out to his companion:

"Why, if 'tain't a team! It's Mr. Allston's Baron. And, sakes alive, where's Mr. Allston himself?"

"Somethin's happened likely," said his philosophic companion, a huge farm-hand, half Dutch, half Welsh, framed like a giant, and strong as Hercules.

I could hear them alight from their own conveyance, and walk round my little wagon, speaking soothingly to Baron, and wondering in half-uttered scraps of conjectures where was the missing driver; yet I had no power to call for the assistance that was so nigh. I strove to shout, but my voice died away in suffocating agony.

"Let's walk a piece up the road, and look about us, Fritz," said Ethan, "I don't believe but what there's somethin' wrong."

Could I lie there and know that the least straw of hope and help was drifting away from my reach? With the strength that is a frequent characteristic of mortal peril or mortal agony I threw up my arms, and caught my enemy firmly round the shoulders, rolling heavily down the steep bank with him. The suddenness of the attack deprived him of all power to use the knife which, most of all, I dreaded, and the impetus we gained from the downward descent aided me in my struggle. He relaxed his hold on my throat to strike away my hands, but I clung with unflinching tenacity.

"Help, help!" I shrieked, in hasty accents.

Thank Heaven, they were heard. Ethan turned abruptly, and sprang towards me with a cry of surprise and horror.

"Fritz, Fritz! Here he is now!"

There was one instant of desperate struggle—of hand to hand encounters—one wild instant of blending confusion, when a sea of blood seemed to swim before my eyes and thunderous surges to sound in my ears, and then I lost all consciousness.

When I returned to myself, I was on the sofa in my own room, with my wife bending over me, and honest Ethan Day stirring up what he called "a hot drop" in a tiny punch-kettle. From him I learned that the robber, one of a desperate gang which had lately been broken up, was safe in the village "lock-up" under the Cerberus-ship of huge Fritz, to say nothing of locks, bolts, and chains innumerable.

"And Baron?"

"He's safe in his stable, poor fellow," said Ethan. But, Squire, where's the money you had about you? We didn't find none on that—that consarned scamp when we sarched him, me and Fritz."

"The money," I repeated, vaguely. And then I remembered how it all had been, and told Ethan of my device.

Ten minutes afterwards he set forth with a lantern in his hand for the gnarled stump and the spectre-tree that had been blasted by lightning. And in less than an hour the money was safe once more in my guardianship.

"It was a pretty 'cute idee of your'n, Squire," said Ethan; "but it mighn't ha' worked so well if I hadn't chanced to come along."

Ethan was right; but I had trusted to chance, and chance had befriended me. From that night, however, a single silver lock has always gleamed among my jet-black hair, a sort of outward sign and token of the mortal danger and horror through which my whole being passed upon that October night.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

The Bates family arrived at Newport, and took possession of the handsome suite of apartments which had been secured for them. They were in a less quiet portion of the house than the rooms of Mrs. Hawks, but Nina soon found her way to them with ease, and became almost as much at home in them as in her own chamber.

Her trunks came with Kitty's, and a bribe to the keeper of a linen closet, which opened from Nina's room on one side, and into one of the principal corridors on the other, afforded her egress from her apartment without the knowledge of Mrs. Hawks, or her waiting woman.

Then commenced the life for which she had so eagerly pined, and she proved that her exuberant vitality was equal to the double strain she imposed upon it. From eleven in the morning till ten at night, Nina devoted herself to her patroness, with such increasing effect, that Mrs. Hawks became almost dotingly fond of her. Dismissed for the night, she sped at once to Kitty's apartment, and with the assistance of her friend's maid, completed a rapid and brilliant toilette. By eleven she was ready to join the throng of gay revellers in the ball room, and chaperoned by the passive Mrs. Bates, she and Kitty made their appearance, usually escorted by some gentleman of their New York set.

Among her other accomplishments, Nina had been taught to dance with rare grace and skill, and her fine appearance, quick repartee, and daring disregard of conventionalities, soon rendered her a marked person among such pretty nonentities as *she* called them, who were "content to dwell in decencies forever."

She was not guilty of anything that was glaringly improper, but she did as she pleased, and her wild and wilful spirits often led her beyond the bounds of prudence.

As Miss Gordon's antecedents were entirely unknown, and she appeared among a set of new aspirants to fashionable notoriety, it was assumed that she was rich, and Kitty did everything in her power to further the delusion, without actually telling falsehoods on the subject.

Why the brilliant belle was never visible except at night, was accounted for by her devotion to an afflicted friend, who required all her attention during the day; and touching stories were related of her fondness for her adopted mother, for Nina chose now to consider herself as the daughter of the poor dupe she was so skilfully bending to her own purposes.

These went far toward excusing the levity of her conduct in public, for it was said that so impulsive and warm hearted a creature could scarcely be expected to bring her actions down to the common test of prudence required from other girls of her age. Such a *rara avis* was not to be judged by common rules, so Miss Gordon was voted charming, piquant, irresistible, even by many of her own sex.

In no other country in the world could such a *rôle* have been played, as that which was now successfully sustained by Nina Gordon, for in no other would such freedom be allowed to a young unmarried woman.

She became the belle of the season, and when she made her appearance in the ball room, other shrines were deserted for this new divinity who queened it right royally over her vassals. Kitty was charmed with the success she had predicted, and Mrs. Bates looked on in displeased amazement. She was at a loss to understand how this obscure and penniless girl had achieved such a triumph, while her own daughter, who was known to be an heiress, was a mere foil beside her.

Mrs. Bates was annoyed at seeing Kitty so constantly eclipsed, and she hinted to that young lady the expediency of dropping Miss Gordon as an inconvenient appendage to their party, as Kitty had no chance to win admiration while this fantastic and enchanting creature was always with her to cast her in the shade.

To this Kitty vehemently replied:

"I hope that I do not rightly understand you, mamma. I would not give Nina up for all the beaux at Newport. I don't wish to be admired. Young men talk more to me now, and ask me to dance oftener than I care about. I'll tell you one thing, ma, and that is, that if it wasn't for Nina we should never have made our way into as good a set as we have got into here. Money can't do everything, even in a democratic country like ours, and my friend's grace and elegance have done more for us here, than all my father's wealth could accomplish. That aristocratic Mrs. Legrand, who thinks herself the *crême de la crême*, takes a deep interest in Nina, and she has actually invited her to visit her next winter. You would not consent to ask her again to our house, and she now has a more fashionable one open to her, if she chooses to accept the invitation given her."

"Yes—Mrs. Legrand likes to have fascinating young girls about her to attract gentlemen to her house. She is fond of gay society, and cannot hope to bring it around her by her own charms, so she secures the assistance of younger and fairer women. That is the secret of her interest in Miss Gordon."

"It doesn't matter to us what the source of it is; it is sufficient that an autocrat of fashion has placed the stamp of her approbation upon Nina. Do not offer to snub the dear girl, ma, because I am sure that you will see her a leader in New York society before another year is gone."

Mrs. Bates stared, and in a vexed tone said:

"What nonsense you talk, Kitty. If the girl has made a sensation at a watering place like this, it does not follow that rich boobies are so plenty as to be picked up by a penniless girl who knows nothing of her own origin. When it comes to marriage, the truth must be told, and then the lover would find good cause to back out. Of course when he finds out that she has neither family, nor fortune, he'll not do it."

"I think there are few men who would attempt such a course with Nina Gordon. She is too lovely and attractive in herself to be deserted because she knows nothing of her family. As to the fortune, I fancy it will not be wanting, for Mrs. Hawks has taken such a fancy to her that she has declared her intention to adopt her, and make a handsome provision for her. She is very rich, and of course the old lady will give Nina at least a hundred thousand dollars."

"Good gracious! can this be true? It is evident that Miss Gordon knows how to play her own game, and I shouldn't wonder if we were all used by her merely as counters. I am afraid that she is a dangerous person, but you are so infatuated with her that it is useless for me to speak of getting rid of her, I suppose."

"Indeed, mamma, you wound me deeply when you speak in such terms of my dearest and best friend. You are unjust to Nina because she is prettier, and more admired than I am, but I enjoy her success; I had rather see her triumph than do so myself. I never wished to be a belle, nor has nature bestowed on me the requisites for that butterfly state of existence. 'Warranted to wear,' is stamped on me, so you must make the best of me as I am."

With a sudden excess of affection, Mrs. Bates said:

"I wouldn't give you just as you are for fifty such girls as Nina Gordon. When the butterfly wings are folded away, all that is charming in her will be gone; but you are and always will be my own good and true child. I won't vex you any more about your friend, though I can't approve of many things she does. She doesn't seem to mind my opinion any more than if I was a mere nonentity, although I occupy the responsible position of her chaperon."

"Oh, never do you mind that, you dear, sensible, good mamma. Nina is not like other girls and must not be judged by common rules, but I am certain that she has the deepest respect for you. Tell me now, please, when papa expects to return to Newport."

"Not until the season is nearly over. He was tired to death by the few days I persuaded him to remain when we first came over, and I do not think he will try it again till he is forced to come after us. Are you anxious for him to return?"

"Oh, no, by no means. I only asked because Adolphus has written to me to say that he will be at the hop to-night, and I thought a meeting here between him and pa might be rather awkward after he was ordered to Nahant, to keep him out of the way of Nina's fascinations."

"My son coming here in spite of his father's prohibition!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates, in a tragic tone. "Kitty, you know that such a course will only bring Dolly into disgrace with Mr. Bates. You must have known before of his intention, and I have the pain of discovering that you have both been conspiring to deceive your parents."

Mrs. Bates shed a few tears, and Kitty's conscience loudly accused her; but she thought the end justified the means, and she hastened to soothe her mother's emotions as far as lay in her power. She ended by saying:

"If my brother should fall in love with Nina, papa will not object to her for a daughter-in-law when he knows that she is sure of a handsome portion from Mrs. Hawks. *He* can't be very particular on the score of family, and she looks as if she were a Princess Royal."

"All that may be true enough, Kitty, but if she comes among us she'll expect to rule us. I know she will do it too, for she'll twist your pa and Dolly around her fingers till I shall find myself a nobody in my own house. I wish I had never consented to bring her out here or to allow her to enter my home."

"Dear mamma," said Kitty, persuasively, "what bugaboo are you conjuring up to frighten yourself with? You know very well that, if Dolly marries, he will have a home of his own; his wife will not interfere with you in any way; and if he should be so fortunate as to win Nina, I am sure she will be the most dutiful of daughters to you."

Mrs. Bates sighed, and, wiping her eyes, replied:

"You are so infatuated with Miss Gordon that you can see nothing wrong in her. Now, what do you think of her conduct in our private parlor, the other night, when she mimicked the poor old epileptic creature she wheedles every day into believing that she is very fond of her? After witnessing that, I am not sure she has not tried her hand on some of us."

"No, no; we are sacred to her, because we are her chosen friends. You see that makes all the difference in the world. And then Nina only did it to make pa laugh when he was yawning so dreadfully, and saying that he couldn't find anything to amuse him."

"So your friend entertained him at the expense of the woman whose bread she eats, and who is expected to leave her a good fortune when she dies. It is not right, Kitty; and, if Miss Gordon is your second self, I must say so."

"Well, it was very droll, at any rate," said Kitty, laughing at the recollection of the scene,

"and Mrs. Hawks will not be the worse for what she will never know. It cannot hurt her in any way to have her peculiarities mimicked, but how Nina contrives to give her eyes the strange glare of the old lady's I can't comprehend. She would make an unrivalled actress."

"Yes, and I wish with all my heart that she had elected to go on the stage in place of coming among quiet people to upset all their plans. Your pa and I had settled that Adolphus should marry Ada Pierre."

"What, that vulgar, coarse-looking girl whose father made a fortune out of medicated lozenges, and even plaster? Oh, mamma, haven't we money enough of our own without Dolly making such a match as that? He wouldn't look at Ada Pierre if she was dressed in bank-notes."

"I don't suppose he would if she wore anything as dingy as the most of them are; but, if they were turned into point-lace and diamonds, perhaps he would not be so fastidious. We are not as rich as the world believes, Kitty, and from some things that fell from your pa when he was here, I am afraid he's expecting a crisis or something of that sort that will strain his credit to the utmost. That was one reason why he was so anxious to get back to New York. But you are not to breathe a word of this for the world!"

Kitty looked aghast, and she huskily replied:

"Of course I shall say nothing about it, but I wish you had not told me just now."

"I thought it best to tell you; and, now that we are talking in confidence, I may as well say to you that, if you can like Tom Lorimer well enough to accept him, you had better do so out of hand before anything can happen. His money might help your father out of his difficulties."

Kitty became pale, and then red. After an agitated pause, she said:

"I hope that you are mistaken, ma, about papa's need of such assistance. But, even if you are not, I cannot say Yes to Mr. Lorimer, for I have already refused him."

"Refused him! and for what reason, pray?"

"I can give you two very good ones; one is that I do not love him, and the other is that I like somebody else infinitely better."

"I know who you mean very well, Kitty; but you will never be permitted to throw yourself away on Albert Tompkins, and if you had any spirit you would not wish it yourself. A poor clerk, with nothing but his salary! a magnificent match would that be for you, indeed. And you have actually refused Mr. Lorimer without even saying a word to your father or me about it, when you knew, too, that our hearts are set on the match. Upon my word, the young girls of this generation are too much for me. You—*you* that I thought an affectionate and dutiful daughter—have gone and ruined your own prospects by refusing the best offer you will ever have! It is more than I can bear."

And Mrs. Bates relapsed into tears.

Kitty was much excited, but she controlled her agitation and deprecatingly said:

"Dear mamma, don't blame me too severely; but what could I do but refuse him? Mr. Lorimer is such a goose that he is always doing some absurd thing to make himself talked of. He never has anything more striking to say than some comment on the weather, or the last quadrille; and although I am not very bright myself, I can see his deficiencies. I don't think poor Tom has an idea above a good-fitting suit of clothes, or a stylish necktie. Oh! no, ma, I am too sensible to his defects to accept him as a husband. I am in no hurry to get married, and I hope that pa will not really need such assistance as you hinted at just now from anybody. I could not marry Mr. Lorimer under false pretenses any way, and [illegible] pa's [illegible] think he would have asked me."

"But he did ask you, and you should have consulted with me before refusing him. As to false pretenses, isn't your friend a bundle of them? Isn't she letting people suppose that she is related to Mrs. Hawks, and the heiress to all her fortune? Why you should insist that I shall not speak the truth about her, when you are so particular about yourself, I cannot understand."

"Nina and I are so differently situated, mamma, that the same reasoning will not apply to both of us. Besides, she can bring to her husband gifts of person and mind that I can lay no claim to. She can induce him to forget any deceit through which he was won, but I could never do that. I am but a homespun piece of furniture, and all the fine varnish you tried to put on me has only brought out the true grain more conspicuously. I know that I am neither handsome nor clever; but I am above envying Nina because she is both. I love her with all my heart, if she does reign a queen where I am nothing but a rich man's daughter."

"I am afraid that you'll not be the last much longer, unless you or Dolly come to the rescue. *His* means are tied up with his father's, and unless he marries a girl with money, and that pretty soon too, I am really afraid that Bates & Son will never be able to stand the run your papa said would be sure to be made on the house whenever that horrid crisis comes. He told me about it, that I might understand the necessity of urging you to accept Mr. Lorimer."

"Mamma," said Kitty, with emphasis, "if I was in danger of starving, I hardly think that I could save myself from it by becoming the wife of poor Tom. But we are in no such exigency yet. Papa will weather the storm, as he has others before it, I dare say; Dolly shall win Nina, and the fortune Mrs. Hawks will give her as her dower will build up the credit of the firm again. I hardly think she will refuse my brother; but if she should, there is still Ada Pierre as a last resort. I remember that she set her cap at Dolly last winter; but he declared that the thought of the lozenges gave him bronchitis, and the corn plaster crippled him through his sympathy for those who were simple enough to believe in its efficacy. It will be time enough to think of Miss Pierre when other chances are worthless. But if Dolly chooses to sell himself for money, I declare I won't."

"Not even to save your pa from ruin?" asked Mrs. Bates, with an attempt at the pathetic. "Oh, Kitty, I believed you so devoted to him that you would do anything to please him."

"I do love the dear old darling with all my heart, but I can't marry a dunce to save his credit. Besides, if Mr. Lorimer had the faintest suspicion of what you have just told me, he would withdraw himself. I do not think that his devotion would stand such a test as the loss of my supposed fortune."

"I really believe, Kitty, that you think your only attractions lie in your money. Why should not Mr. Lorimer love you for yourself?"

Kitty laughed a little bitterly.

"Tom likes me well enough in his feeble way, I dare say, but such love as his could never satisfy me, mamma, humble as my pretensions are. Why should I not suppose that my reputed fortune is the chief attraction to the most of my adorers, when I see scores of girls at this very place, far more attractive than I am, who are scarcely looked at because they are known to have no expectations. But pray let us end this discussion, ma, for Dolly will be here very soon now, and I must hurry through my evening toilette to have a good talk with him before Nina joins us."

Kitty arose to leave the room, but Mrs. Bates stopped her and impressively said:

"You must not hint to your brother what I have told you. If it becomes necessary for him to be informed of the state of your father's business affairs, he will tell Adolphus himself."

Kitty reflected a moment, and then replied:

"Of course I shall have no right to betray to my brother what you have said to me, unless I have your permission to do so. But as his whole fortune is locked up in the business, I do not think it fair to keep him in the dark as to what may possibly happen."

With an alarmed look, Mrs. Bates exclaimed:

"You always jump to such absurd conclusions, Kitty. Things are by no means so desperate with us as to make us put on sackcloth and ashes, and begin to bewail our misfortunes. Your father is a man of infinite business tact, and he will doubtless find means to stave off the worst till Adolphus can secure a wife with a good fortune. A hundred thousand dollars will, I dare say, make all square again, and you said that Miss Gordon is to get as much as that when Mrs. Hawks dies."

"Oh, mamma, you misunderstood me. I did not say that she would get as much as that, but spoke of that sum as no more than an adequate provision for an adopted daughter. But even if she gives her that, and Nina and my brother should like each other well enough to marry, it would not be right to take the whole of her fortune to prop up the credit of a tottering house; some portion of it should be secured to herself."

"Very well. Dolly will find it necessary to take Miss Pierre then. He understands what a commercial crisis is, and I am sure he will consent to do what is necessary to sustain the credit of the firm. The daughter of the lozenge man will have three times as much as you hope Mrs. Hawks will bestow on your friend, and if Dolly values my opinion, he will prefer her to Miss Gordon: She is not so attractive, but she will make him a far better wife."

Kitty had heard quite enough, and she hastily left the room, believing in her heart that her mother had darkened the clouds that threatened their prosperity, in the forlorn hope that she would be wrought on to think better of her rejection of Mr. Lorimer's proposal, and by such feminine wiles as young ladies know how to use toward men of his stamp, recal him to his allegiance.

But Miss Bates had no such intention; she had spoken her ultimatum, and meant to stand by it, let what might happen to Bates & Son; even if the worst came, her father would surely be able to save enough from the wreck of his fortune to enable his small family to live in comfort, and Kitty felt that she would not grieve much over a catastrophe that lessened the distance between herself and the obnoxious clerk who had won her childish heart and was still first in that of the young girl.

She cast the temporary cloud aside with the facility of youth and hastened to prepare herself to receive her brother. Before her toilette was completed, Nina came in radiant with triumph.

She spoke in French to her friend, that the attendant might not understand her.

"Dear Kitty, as you are the best friend I have in the world, I must tell you what great good fortune has come to me. You know that Mrs. Hawks gets steadily worse, and every spasm she has is more dangerous than the last. Poor old lady, she can't last much longer, and she begins to realize her condition herself. Something she heard yesterday put her in a terrible passion with her niece, and when I tell you what she did under the influence of her anger, you will hardly believe me."

"Oh, yes I will, if it is what I so ardently wish. She has made her will and given half of her money to you."

"Half!—oh, no—*that* would not satisfy her spite against Miss Lopez, for there would still be enough left to make her rich. The old lady has actually made her will in my favor, bequeathing me the *whole* of her estate, burdened with an annuity of a thousand a year to her niece. The document is signed, sealed, and in the hands of her lawyer."

Kitty danced a *pas seul*, kissed her friend enthusiastically, and exclaimed:

"This is glorious news indeed; but it is no more than you deserve. Such a gem as you are should have a rich setting, and Mrs. Hawks is a most sensible woman to furnish it. I must go in, to-morrow, and play the agreeable to her for your dear sake. But in your prosperity, Nina dear, don't forget that ma and I afforded you the opportunity to win this brilliant fortune; though of course your own sweetness and loveability enabled you to rival the niece."

Nina returned the caresses lavished on her, and presently said:

"Thus far I have carried everything before me, but Mrs. Hawks is capricious and easily offended, and I cannot be too careful to keep her in a good humor with me. If she suspected me of knowing the contents of her will, she would be quite capable of destroying it."

"She did not tell you herself, then? How came you to know what she has done for you, for the lawyer would not dare to betray such a confidence."

"I *listened*," said Nina, without the slightest hesitation. "But then, I could not very well avoid it, for like many other deaf persons, Mrs. Hawks does not know how to modulate her voice. When the lawyer came she sent her maid away to the Glades, and told me to remain in my room within call if she should need me. To tell you the truth, Kitty, I did not close the door of communication as perfectly as she might have wished, for I was afraid she might have one of her attacks and I should not be able to get to her in time.

"As it happened, nothing of the kind occurred, and in two hours' time the lawyer had finished drawing up the will, and when Mrs. Perkins came back she and the carriage driver were called in to witness the old lady's signature. Little does the waiting woman suspect that the document she was so anxious to have executed cuts off Inez Lopez with a pittance and endows me with the fortune of her grandfather. Oh, dear! how shall I ever tone my spirits down to a respectable level, when I am buoyed up by such brilliant dreams of the future."

She sprang up, danced, laughed, and went on like a mad creature, while Betty the maid looked on in bewilderment as she laid out the articles needed for Nina's evening toilette. She did not understand a word that had passed between the two girls, but she saw that something had elated the usually gay spirits of the young lady, and the girl was pleased, for Nina had been kind and liberal toward her.

Kitty laughingly responded:

"Think of the responsibilities so soon to devolve on you, and that will sober you, *ma chere*. Mrs. Hawks should not leave her good work half done; she should be polite enough to make her exit without delay, that you may come into the enjoyment of your fortune. But I have been so much occupied with your good news that I have not told you mine. My brother joins us to-night, and the remembrance of your fair face draws him hither in spite of pa's prohibition. You will be kind to Dolly for my sake, Nina?"

"Undoubtedly, darling; and for his own too, for I shall not readily forget that Mr. Bates admired me in my most lowly estate. Since he is coming, I must make myself as charming as possible, so I will excuse you while Betty does her devoir as deftly by me as she has done it by you. Your dress is really very becoming, and those rubies suit your style admirably. I cannot afford jewels yet awhile, but wait and see what diamonds, what pearls, what laces I will have when I possess twenty thousand a year."

"You shall have all those things, and true hearts that love you well besides, Nina dear. I won't detain you any longer, and I suppose I am not to tell what you have confided to me."

"Not for the world! That might ruin me. Mrs. Hawks thinks I am in profound ignorance of her intentions, and perfectly disinterested, so her faith in me must not be disturbed. I really am very fond of her, and very much obliged to her, I am sure."

Blind to the faults of one she so loved and trusted, Kitty, in spite of her better judgment, and higher ideas of honor, could see nothing very wrong in the means by which Nina had possessed herself of what was designed to be concealed from her.

She went into her mother's private parlor, where she found her brother had been for the last half hour, which interval of time he had improved by talking over Mrs. Bates, and making his peace with her for breaking the commands laid on him by his father.

Miss Pierre was at Nahant, and when Kitty came in he was describing in a most ludicrous manner the persecutions he had endured from her. After greeting her, he went on in his fashionable drawl:

"The Pierre is too storming—she talks loud—she laughs too much, and says sharp things. I wouldn't mind all that, if she was only pretty. But she is tall and raw-boned, with a sallow-complexion and little black eyes that can snap and sparkle in a rather spirited way. But there is no end to her money, and the lozenges and corn-plaster still sell as widely as ever. Heigh-ho! I wish I could put money out of the question when I marry, but the governor has written me such a rigmarole as has almost frightened me into believing that I must get a pier, to support our house. Ha! ha! what do you think of that now? The old gentleman is getting mercenary, I am afraid!"

"What has your father been saying to you, Dolly?" asked Mrs. Bates, apprehensively. "If he appealed to you in such a way, something must be very wrong about the business."

"The bother, it is only his way to frighten me into taking a rich wife. He knows that girl has thrown herself and her thousands at my head, and my father wishes to furnish further knock-down arguments to bring me to her feet. But it won't do. I've effected my escape now, and I mean to use my freedom. I say, Kitty, when am I to see that fair friend of yours? I've seen two or three men of our set since I got here to-night, and they all seem to have their heads turned by her. She must be a stunner; but how is it that the fellows all speak of her as an heiress when you and I know that she is as poor as a church-mouse?"

With great deliberation, Kitty replied:

"Miss Gordon is the lady you refer to, I suppose. She has been adopted by the rich old lady mamma placed her with, and I think it almost certain that she will provide for her very handsomely."

"What! old Hawks! why she must have nearly half a million. Of course, the girl who takes the place of a daughter must get a large slice from it; but then the deuce of it is, the old woman may be a long time taking her ticket-of-leave; and while she's on the carpet the fortune isn't sure. Such an old frump may change her mind a dozen times a week; besides, she has relations to look sharply after her."

"I don't think they trouble themselves about her much. Her brother-in-law is paralyzed, and cannot leave his own home, and his daughter stays with him nearly all the time. I have never met with her in Mrs. Hawks's room since we came here, but I believe she is sick herself is the reason."

"Is she young and pretty?"

"Yes, quite young; and Nina says she is remarkably handsome."

"Is it possible that one girl declares another one handsome! Such a phenomenon as that should be duly chronicled, I declare. Pray make me acquainted with this generous young demoiselle as soon as may be, for she must be a unique specimen of her sex."

Mrs. Bates here arose, and resignedly said:

"You and Kitty will have everything your own way, but as I do not care to witness a meeting that may lead to disastrous results to my family, I will go to my own room."

Young Bates looked after her in some surprise, and asked:

"What does that mean? Does she know that I have already seen your fair friend, and fallen half in love with her?"

"No, I have not betrayed you; but mamma has taken a pique toward poor Nina, because she attracts more attention than I do. She will get over it when you present my friend to her as your future wife. Never mind the Pierre, Dolly; follow the dictates of your own heart, and you will get as much money as you will need with the wife of your choice."

"I only wish you were quite sure of that, for to tell you the truth, Kitty, I've spent a great deal, and ready money is what I must have for my own uses, as well as for the lumbering old concern down yonder, in which I verily believe the soul of my father is bound up. He hinted so many dreary possibilities in his last letter that I came near yielding to the dark glances of those lozenge-shaped eyes, but unluckily her skin is the color of the corn plaster, so I turned away, and spoke no word that could commit me."

"How can you be so absurd, Dolly? Don't think any more of Ada Pierre? I can't tell you why, but I am almost convinced that Nina will have almost as good a fortune as hers. I may at least tell you that the poor old lady who will leave it to her can't live much longer. She has lately had many violent spasms, and her physician has said that she will never leave here alive. But you are to act as if you knew nothing of this. Nina must believe you entirely disinterested, if you hope for a chance of success with her."

"*Diable!* I haven't made up my mind to take either of them yet. But we shall see what time will bring forth."

There was a slight rustling sound near the door; it unclosed, and a bright vision flitted in.

Nina stood before him in a bewitching evening dress made of some light shining material which looked like flakes of gathering foam looped up with fairy-like flowers. Camelias were in her hair and on her breast, but not a jewel gleamed about her. She could not afford the most expensive, and, therefore, repudiated them all. Besides, with her freshness, she knew that flowers were more becoming than any other adornment she could select.

The marble-like whiteness of her perfectly turned arms and shoulders seemed to rival that of her flowing drapery, and the bright, expressive face filled with triumphant light, was a new revelation of beauty to the Broadway exquisite.

Mr. Bates had not hitherto cared much for very fair women, but this one was unique. White, soft, and well rounded as all her proportions were, she had not a particle of the lymphatic temperament in her.

He saw before him a creature of will, pride, fire, and God knows what beside; but enough to bewilder much stronger brains than those possessed by the young New Yorker. Nina had overheard his closing words to his sister, and in her soul she vowed that not with him should rest the choice. His heart should be laid at her feet, and then —— Well, then she would make up her mind what use she could have for it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Inez arose from her sick bed and again moved about the gloomy old house, ministering to her father's wants with a patient composure which proved how bitter the struggle had been—how great the triumph won over her own weakness.

She would gladly have lain in that darkened chamber till death itself came to her relief, but the thought how lonely and helpless her father would be without her afforded the stimulus she needed, and for his sake she roused herself from the indulgence of selfish sorrow.

Inez resumed the monotonous round of her old life, but she had neither spirit nor strength to visit her aunt. Mrs. Hawks came to the Glades no more, but contented herself with sending her maid to inquire daily into the condition of her niece's health.

The communications which passed between Mr. Lopez and this faithful guardian of his daughter's interests, convinced that gentleman that Nina Gordon was deeply to be dreaded. He felt assured that she was using all her fascinations to obtain power over Mrs. Hawks, which was to be used solely for her own benefit, and he impatiently waited till Inez had regained her strength sufficiently to undertake the enterprise on which he firmly believed so much depended.

No reply had been received from Godfrey Fenton, and the poor girl had given up all hope of hearing from him again. He evidently could not defend himself, and therefore thought silence the best resource. Such was the final decision of Inez, but her father insisted that her last letter had never reached him, or he would at once have flown on the wings of love to her side, to prove to her how sincere was his devotion, how false the accusations against him.

She listened to his arguments quietly, but they failed to convince her, though Mr. Lopez flattered himself that he was keeping alive the flame of hope in her sad heart.

One evening about ten days after her convalescence, they sat together in the gathering twilight, and after a brief silence Mr. Lopez suddenly asked:

"Are you strong enough to undertake that journey to Oakland now, Inez? I have thought of it every day and every hour since you have been ill. I have dreamed the same thing more vividly even than before, and your mother asked—'Why does not Inez go before it is too late?'"

"Dear papa, do you really place so much faith in a dream as to wish me to go to Oakland on such a quest as that? I cherished the hope that you had given up the idea as too baseless to be acted on."

In an irritated tone her father replied:

"I can't imagine why you should think that I would give it up. Dreams in all ages have been sent as warnings, and were not disregarded. Was not one sent to the wise men of the East on the grandest occasion in the history of the world? Scattered through sacred and profane chronicles we find them, and how or why they come to men, has baffled the wisest philosophers. I don't pretend to account for what more learned men have failed to do, but I place implicit faith in the vision that has been so vividly impressed upon my own mind. If nothing is meant by it, I scarcely think it would so often have been repeated. You must go, child, for I am sure that your whole future is at stake. I have reason to believe that your aunt will be silly enough to give her whole fortune to the unprincipled young flatterer she has picked up and brought with her to Newport. From what Jane Perkins tells me, the girl is having everything her own way."

"But, papa, did not Jane also tell you that there is an understanding between herself and Miss Gordon that she is to use her influence to have a will executed in my favor? I told Mrs. Perkins that such a compact was ill-advised and might injure in place of serving me, but she would not listen to me. If my aunt dies intestate, I shall inherit enough for every rational purpose, even if a portion of the estate should be claimed by her husband's family. I entreated Jane to leave my aunt to act as she pleased about the will, for she has always shewn so marked an aversion to making one, that I feared any hint on the subject would offend her. My reasoning failed to convince her, so I suffered things to take their own course. It does not matter much now; I shall have enough left me to live on, and that is all I shall require."

"I don't know which is the greatest fool, you or Mrs. Perkins," exclaimed Lopez, in a rage. "Between you, you are enough to drive a man mad. *She* goes and trusts that young serpent with power that is to work your ruin; and *you* talk in this lachrymose manner about enough to live on from your own family inheritance, when it is in danger of going to a stranger. That girl shall not have it, in spite of all her arts; and poor-spirited as you are, you shall yet snatch it from her, whether you wish it or not. You are strong enough to travel, and you shall set out for Oakland to-morrow morning, and bring me back the books of which I shall give you a list. I really want the works I intend to send for, though I should have done without them, but for the ulterior object I have in view. I have sufficiently explained to you what you have to do, so I shall not repeat my instructions. I hope you fully understand me, Inez?"

"Yes, papa," was the faint response. "I will make an effort to do all that you require of me, but I am still very weak."

"Weak, are you? Well, well, change of air and exercise are the best remedies for that; you will feel like a different person when you come back, especially if you bring new life to me in the shape of the document which is to secure to you the bulk of your grandfather's fortune."

Inez sighed softly, and then said:

"I hope so, papa. But explain to me how I am to go alone on this journey. It seems a formidable undertaking to an inexperienced traveller like myself."

"Oh! you will find no difficulty in your way. Dick can drive you over to a quiet landing on the bay, which is not far from this place. The steamer that plies along the Narragansett shore always stops there and you will be landed before night upon the place you wish to visit. The house stands not more than two hundred yards from the shore, so you cannot miss your way. Young ladies often travel alone in this country, and I am sure you will meet with nothing to annoy you."

"I dare say not, sir, and as you wish it so earnestly, I will undertake this little journey. Let us make out the list of books you wish brought back, and if I fail in everything else, you will at least have them to lighten the tedium of your hours."

"You will do much more than that, Inez. You will find and secure the proof that the house, and all it contains, is yours at your aunt's decease. Oakland is a more cheerful place than this, and if my hopes are realized, we can remove there to live. I have been laying all sorts of plans for days past, for crippled as I am, I can only plan. Oh! if I had but the use of my limbs for forty-eight hours, how much I could accomplish in that brief space of time."

Inez kissed him, and nestled more closely to his side. She softly asked:

"Will you have your evening game now, papa? Since this journey is settled for to-morrow, we need talk of it no more."

"Why not, Inez? Don't you feel excited at the chances before you? To lose or win in such a game as this is no trifle, I can tell you. And as surely as there is a God in Heaven, you will come out loser if your grandfather's will is not found. Mrs. Hawks dislikes me to that degree, that she will impoverish you to deprive me of the triumph of seeing you take possession of the Horton estate after her own death. If I were to die first, it might be different; but now I feel sure that I shall outlive her. She has changed dreadfully since she was in Newport last year, and when she took that fit here, I saw signs which convinced me that she could not stand many more attacks like that. It would not surprise me to hear of her death any day."

"Dear papa, pray don't talk of it. If my aunt could hear you, she might fancy that you are looking for her decease, and almost wishing it to take place."

"Well, my dear, I shall not be deceitful enough to cry when it does occur, for Eunice will be better off, and so will you, I hope. You may light the lamp now, and, after one game, you had better retire, to be fresh for your journey to-morrow. Let Dick know that he must have the carriage ready at six. It is lucky that your aunt does not require its use early in the morning or late in the afternoon. After she takes her drive, Dick will have ample time to get to the landing on the day of your return."

Inez literally obeyed his commands. After the chess-men were put away, she went out and gave minute instructions to Nora as to what was necessary to her father's comfort during his brief absence, and evaded the curiosity of that damsel as to the cause of this sudden departure as well as she could.

Inez expected to be absent but thirty-six hours, but she shrank from the thought of her father's loneliness during even that brief space of time, and sedulously provided for him such meagre sources of occupation and amusement as lay in his power. Mr. Lopez was touched by her solicitude, and he at length stopped her flitting to and fro by saying:

"Kiss me good-bye, my darling, and get to your rest. I shall do well enough while you are away. I will enter the enchanted palace of visions, the 'open sesame' to which is one of my magical little pills. I shall walk hand in hand with your mother while you go on the mission she has so earnestly commanded. Don't look so sorrowful, Inez; I must and will have my own way,—so there's an end of it."

Inez did not offer to remonstrate; she knew how useless it would be; so she kissed him tenderly, and went into her own room to prepare for the journey before her.

A few necessary articles were packed in a travelling satchel, and she then retired to her couch to think over what might lie before her. Success in this enterprise would bring happiness to her poor father's heart; but a disappointment might bring something she dreaded to think of.

Dr. Minturn had told her that the heart of Mr. Lopez was seriously affected, and any sudden shock might cause his death. Poor Inez had little faith in the vision which sent her forth on this errand, and she had the deepest fear of its disastrous result to him should it prove a failure.

It was very late before she slept, and then her dreams took their coloring from her waking thoughts. Although her body rested, her mind drifted through a series of strange and exciting scenes in which her father always played a prominent part.

Inez awoke at an early hour, feeling weary and unrefreshed, but she made an effort to get up and prepare to set out. Nora had hot coffee for her, and something nice besides; and she forced herself to swallow a few morsels to satisfy the solicitude of the girl.

Dick had the carriage ready at the appointed hour, and Inez left her home in pursuit of what she considered a phantom; but only by doing so could her father be satisfied. So she went at his bidding, irrational as the errand seemed to her.

Mr. Lopez had given her the list of books, and Inez felt some feeble satisfaction in thinking that her journey would not be entirely useless. Her father had long desired to possess several of the works named, and that wish could at least be gratified.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Passions.

As light was the eldest-born principle of the universe, so love was the eldest-born passion of humanity, though people quote Milton to prove that vanity was so—in our own sex at least; and many are the witty sayings on this favorite text; but they are wrong, and their text misinterpreted. Eve, when she looked in passionate delight on her own lovely face reflected in the stream, knew not it was her own and had nothing else to love; the moment she found an Adam to lavish the awakened sympathies, she turned from the shadow to the reality, even though "less winning soft, less amiably fair;" she did not sit upon the bank and pine to death for her own fair face,

"Like that too beauteous boy,
That lost himself by loving of himself;"

while the voice of love wooed her in vain. Vanity in this instance was but the shadow of love. But, oh me! How many women, since the days of Echo and Narcissus, have pined themselves into air for the love of men who were in love only with themselves!

Childhood.

Let man enjoy what he will in after-life, if his childhood have been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless, in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse, when he first learned to look for a pervading spirit in the realms of nature—to welcome all the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his own wide brotherhood; and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inexhaustible beneficence which created both life and light, and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

A GREAT man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immoveable in what he has maturely resolved upon. And as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill-used, and the world is frowning upon him. In short he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample on a worm, or cringe to an emperor.

METHOD OF SPEAKING.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm, of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling: in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger-[illegible]

ROBINSON

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

YESTERDAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I was blind till yesterday;
When Alonzo came to me,
Noiseless, mute, lost of form,
I can only see since then.

Blind, and destiny blind with tears
I have lived a thousand years
Since the time he came to me.
Yet twas only yesterday.

Tell me, ye of mournful sight,
Was the world as fair and bright,
Ere this love of mine, to him,
Kissed me till I was too blind.

Did the twilight seem to close
Like the clothing of a rose?
And the night-wind sighs with dew
As if earth were made anew?

Did the moon's white grace invite
Companies of stars at night?
And the mountain lie abroad
Like the great broad smile of God.

Life was like a volume shut,
All the beauteous leaves uncut,
Alonzo came to me—
Came and kissed me, and I see.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

NO. X.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.,

A SCRAP OF EAST-INDIAN HISTORY.—A DUEL.

Capt. Matthews declared to me that the happiest moment he had ever experienced in his life was one brought on board the ship alive from my perilous bath; and I know that a deep and painful gloom would have rested upon the crew if I had been lost. There had been much dispute in ventaring out on that night in a boat, but none had been so backwardsome as the part of the men. The captain had had the whole crew to select from when he manned the boat, for every one expressed a willingness and a desire to go. I was asked if I realized how near I came to being lost, but I told them I doubted if they realized it as I did. They could not realize how weak I was when I caught the buoy; and surely I knew as well as any how small chances there were of the boat's having missed me, to that one chance of finding me. I did not know, however, until I had been told, how near the boat had come to being swamped; and the house, of my own experience, how soon after the boat had been put up to her davits the hurricane struck on.

But I knew that I had met with a startling adventure; that I had come very near being food for the sharks; and that I should profit of experience which could not be of benefit to me in the coming time. I did not think I should ever again get within sweep of a Dying-boom while there was a whirlpool in the sea in any way. I was confined below a few days, from having received a heavy blow upon the head, which I must have got while being taken on board the boat, but it was nothing of serious note. In less than a week I was on duty again, as strong and well as ever.

The remainder of the voyage was made without any event worthy of particular note, until the fifth day of November, just five months from Salem, we anchored the river Hooghly, upon the east bank of which, and about a hundred miles from the mouth, Calcutta is situated. The river is nearly or quite two miles wide at the mouth, and the water is deep enough for ships of any size as far as Calcutta, but we did not go up to the city. In those days there were no such things as steamtugs, and as the current was quite strong and the wind unfavorable, we went up as far as Diamond Point, fifty miles, where we came to anchor, and from that place our cargo was taken by Calcutta lighters, and our ballast stones brought down to us by the same means of conveyance.

From time immemorial India has been a source of wealth to those who have been able to reach her borders; while to the visionary revelling in golden dreams she has been the elysium of his longings, where the purling streams ran yellow over their auriferous beds, and where the light of the sun, and moon, and stars was flashed back from countless gems that sprinkled the country over. That this was the Ophir of Solomon, whence his fleet brought to him gold of the finest quality and the rarest of precious stones, there can be no doubt. At all events, the Peninsula of the Septuagint held that idea; and Josephus, with other eminent Jewish writers, maintained the same thing. Hiram of Tyre, who was one of Solomon's most zealous friends and assistants in structure, and who did so much towards the building of the temple, must have been well up in the region; and it is more than probable that the enormous freight of gold which he brought to the royal master from Ophir was obtained in the region beyond the Indies.

Over that vast field of mineral and agricultural wealth, which the Greeks propose to call the golden clime—that fabled region which attracted the adventurous Jason and his companions, and to whose diamond-studded strands thousands of all times have turned their longing eyes—we will, with its varied types of humanity, its rich inland in a distant ocean now sways the sceptre, but it has not, England—acting as a tool of the grim—scratching of blood, of treasure, and of honor.

As I have mentioned before, it was not until near the close of the last century that we first crossed from the United States sailed to India. She was sent by Elias Hasket Derby, of Salem, Mass., in 1784.

We had the good fortune to find plenty of lighters ready to take our cargo up to Calcutta, and as soon as we had got out our ship in trim for our supercargo had made the necessary preparations, he commenced unloading, and I particularly interested in observing the bold and movements of the native Hindoos, who are entirely different in their manner and appearance from the heavy, sluggish Bengalese that I met at Cape Town. They were very dark, the color of their skin being a shade lighter than to form they were slim and straight, having very long legs and arms; and in that I saw were clad in white,—or, at any rate, in a cloth which had once been white. They were also active in their movements, but they were minute and easy, and, when properly looked upon, indicative of turning off considerable work.

A very early one morning, before the lighterboat had come along-side, a turbaned came off, and inquired of which informed us that he was to be a duel fought on shore in the course of an hour or so. Mr. Sanborn asked him if he was a boy of the parishioners. He replied that the duel was between two officers of the regiment of Sepoys and of the European ship, and that they had agreed to settle their quarrel with the sword (love could be so mistaken, because he had it from a Mohammedan servant admitted to the Spaniard.

There were on the deck of our ship at the time only Sanborn, Long, and myself, and we agreed that we would say nothing of the matter to any one save the captain. If the crew knew of it they would be crazy to get on shore and see the fight, and the presence of so many upon the field might not be pleasant to the combatants. So we agreed to keep it to ourselves, and, if convenient, and the captain was willing, to slip on shore and witness it. Shortly after-

wards Captain Matthews came up, and Mr. Sanborn told him what we had heard.

I was very anxious, and I watched our commander's face very narrowly to see how he took it. If you call it a weakness on my part—the wish to see the fight—then I confess to the impeachment. I had heard a great deal about duels, and I had read a great deal about them; and I was so eager to witness the meeting between the two captains as well as I was to witness any event of exciting moment. I was young then, and just entering upon a life of adventure, and I was wished to see how man must coolly and calmly do battle, and put his murderous weapon to use.

By and by the captain beckoned me to him, and as I could by his look at the sailboat, he asked me if I wished to go on shore and see the duel. I told him that I did, and that he would do me no go I would do anything he wished to make up for the time I might lose. He laughed at my idea of making up for lost time, and told me that I might go; but he did not wish me to say anything about it to the rest of the crew. He acknowledged that he should like to go himself, but that he could not leave his ship while the fighters were engaged.

It was then only about half an hour after daylight, and without waiting for breakfast we lowered the boat, Sanborn taking the helm, while the boatswain and I took the oars. The sun-boatman had told us very nearly where the meeting was to take place, and we should have found it without difficulty, but just as we had stepped upon the land the same man, having the made quick work with his morning's visits. He had given the wife charge of the ship, and ordered to conduct us to the place if we would go with him. We had thought a little to scruple of the hamlet, and having passed beyond the dingy squad of mud huts, we took our way through a thicket of shrubs which looked like the cactus, and which grew to the height of stalks were straighter, and the bark of a lighter color. Beyond this we came to a broad, grassy meadow, where there appeared, at some former period, to have been a field of rice. It was on the place, as I was able to judge not only from the fact that there were no trees or shrubs in the field, but there were a number of small heaps of earth scattered over it, which seemed to be formed in the same manner as the mounds which we had seen on shore in witness it. None of them belonged to the order of the edifice of the ancients, but they seemed to understand the purpose for which they were designed, and from all the information they possessed when they found that we were not Englishmen, and that them were French, and the others were Portuguese. One of the Frenchmen could speak English very well, and he gave us the story, as follows:

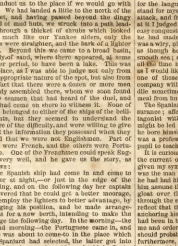
The Spanish ship had come in and come to anchor at eight o'clock on the morning of the evening, and on the following day her captain discovered that he could not get his cargo discharged and empty the lighters to better advantage, by reason of the shallowness of the water, and arrangements for a new berth, intending to make the move at high water. This was to be attended to the second morning—the Portuguese came in, and he was about to follow on in the same track as the Spaniard had selected, the latter got into such a berth that the Portuguese could not. This caused some discontent that that was his berth. But the Portuguese was not disposed to make any change. His anchor was down, and he should not take it up. He was in a convenient berth, and found it for his interest to do so. Upon that the Spaniard remonstrated, and told the captain that for the other's interest to haul his wind out of that berth and anchor where he was, as he was not well to another until very high words were used. The Portuguese, however, was not disposed to do it—refused to the Portuguese, which angered the Portuguese, who was on board his own ship, quit in the boat, and went on shore. A lighter-boat would simply have knocked the man overboard and he should have gone to the bottom, and as a epithet as the Spaniard had applied to the other; and as it was, the Portuguese had to take it, and probably done the same thing; but the "Johnnies" were not disposed to settle their differences were deeper, and more deadly. The Portuguese went back to his ship, sent a challenge, and the Portuguese had accepted it.

Our French friend had been called to be second when the two belligerents, accompanied by their respective seconds, came on shore. The Spaniard came first, a tall, dark-featured man, well-dressed, with pistols and sword. The latter pistol-case under his arm. The Portuguese followed at some distance, and he had selected two seconds than his enemy, and though not so carefully dressed, he appeared to give them more care. They took it as a matter of course, and each seemed disposed to attend to his own principal. When they reached a spot suited to their purposes they stopped, and the principals stripped and held a consultation. They talked some time, and seemed to be quite calm. The conversation was unintelligible to me; but our French friend could catch it.

It appeared that pistols had been agreed upon, but the Spaniard was afraid to trust them. They were liable to miss fire. It was not a fair thing. The failure of the pistol to explode might prove fatal to him, while a like failure on the part of his antagonist would only give him an offer in fact that he had stood upon his hands unjustly. He preferred to use the sword; and so he was the talient, and had the longest reach, he would give his antagonist the advantage of the pistol-loads. He had selected two swords with that idea. He had one which he would use, and his second had two, of which his enemy might select which he pleased. The Portuguese second went back to his principal, and it was soon arranged that the swords should be used, upon which the Spanish second then put forward the sword his principal would use, and the other took up with the blade, from the hilt. The Portuguese selected his weapon—a long, straight, bright blade, with a double edge at the point, and a simple cross at the hilt for a guard; and then the manner in which he tried it—tempter by setting its point upon the toe of his boot, and then the guard—was such as would show he rested the blade upon the palm of his left hand, and his button, and, with a nod and a move of the hand—

"I obey, sefiore."

"To you," cried the Spanish captain, bringing his sword into position.



"Touseis!" resumed the Portuguese, giving his sword a whirl in the air.

My French friend confessed to me that the first stroke had only said, "Let's go," and that the Portuguese had replied—"O, nonsense!" but he could not have told from my interpretation of the language that followed I could understand for myself. The Spaniard was the first to attack, and from the manner in which he went at it I judged that he expected to make a very easy conquest of it; but, if such was his thought, he had made a sad mistake. The Portuguese was a wiry, nimble fellow; as cool and collected as though he had been fighting his duty in a smooth sea; and there was a smile upon his face all the time he was fighting—not such a smile as I would like to have bestowed upon me, but one that showed that he was in his element, and company with the team which they say a crocodile wears when he is about to make a meal of a fish thrown from the shore.

The Spaniard came to the work with much assurance, although he long down, upon his antagonist with contempt; and the spectator might be led to think, from the manner in which he bore himself for the first few passes, that he was a professor at the art, and had taken a pupil to teach.

I do not know what simple things will change the current of our sympathies. At first I had felt very sorry to see the Spaniard, because he was the man who had been first aggrieved, and who had first been insulted; but I soon began to assume the air of a braggart, and support to the Portuguese. I was very excited, and I could no more have turned away from the scene than I could have stopped the sun in its course. One day when eager to get its meridian altitude. It was a most exciting contest, and especially so to it that hell me spell-bound, and I think I hardly breathed for the space of a full minute at a time.

For the first few minutes—minutes that seemed stretched out to hours—the Spaniard and Portuguese pursued that style of fencing belonging to the small sword, the object of the former being to feint and the defence the carte and tierce; but by and by the Spaniard began to manifest a disposition to depend upon his superior strength, he disregarding it, but it appeared to fortune favored stroke as he would have done with a broadsword. He would cut at his antagonist, seemingly improper in this. In fact, when I saw the Spaniard adopt this method I trembled for the other's life; but presently I caught sight of the motion of the right wrist of the latter, and by the change in the smile, that he was despising such a mode of attack, and that he had among those I saw why he had smiled. Again, in a fit of desperation, the Spaniard raised his sword for a sweeping stroke, thus leaving his breast for the moment exposed; and, that a flash of lightning, I saw the point of the Portuguese's sword glance like a silver ray, and disappear in the region of the heart, and when I saw it a shudder seized me that shook my frame from head to foot. I saw the bright blade disappear beneath the Spaniard's white vest—sliding from sight almost to the hilt—and then the Portuguese leaped back as though to avoid the descending stroke; but there was no need of it. His antagonist's sword-arm sunk as if paralyzed, and he staggered back his sword, hastened up and caught him in his arms.

I turned away from the scene sick and faint at heart, with my sympathies now all given to the unfortunate man who had fallen. I can soon what men have called the *Combat of Honor*; and as I walked towards our boat I prayed God that I might never be called upon to defend my honor in that fashion. Certainly I did not envy the feelings of that man who had raised the cold corpse of the Spanish ship to the post of captain!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. P., Washington, D. C.: says: "I have the misfortune to be left-handed, and my letter many times is sent off, but all attempts have been in vain. Can you not give me some advice?" Yes, good friend; and I am sorry that you have not already done so. Many persons have written to us, and we have given them advice, but we have never had a letter from a left-handed person. Now, we are left-handed ourself, and we can sympathize with you. Many persons are born left-handed, and many persons become left-handed by habit. Now, you are left-handed by habit. Your right hand has become stiff, but it will limber up if you will only exercise it. Take a pen in your right hand, and write with it. Write slowly, and you will soon find that you can write as well with your right hand as with your left. Do not be discouraged, but persevere, and you will soon be able to write with your right hand as well as with your left.

A FOOD FATNESS.—You are certainly a "poor" fellow in some sense, and there are many persons that can say even from pecuniary considerations. A man who has large children has even more reasons to be, because, in order to provide them, he has to exercise his brain and his muscles to the utmost extent. During the eighteen years that I, myself, have been a widow, I have been supporting, with the assistance of my children, a large family, and the smallest manner in which he have his several children, and the smallest manner in which he have his several children, and the smallest manner in which he have his several children